

My Life by Anne Goodwin

Introduction

I am 72 years-old, and I decided I want to leave the story of my life in hopes that my grandchildren and great grandchildren will have an opportunity to know me and my family. One does learn much in 72 years. Growing old is a challenge to say the least. When one is a child, one is usually living the best part of his life. When we are young, most of us believe we will never grow old; we will live forever. In some cases, childhood is so wonderful, because you have parents that take care of you, love you and nurture you.

Seventy years ago, most children I knew had two parents, sisters and brothers and grandparents. Many times, the grandparents did not live near the family. The father went to work; the mother stayed home and worked very hard. There were very few conveniences to make things easier for mothers. (My mother had an automatic washing machine, but no dryer. I remember watching my mother hang up the wet clothes on a clothesline in the backyard. There was no such thing as a washeteria. If there was a rainy spell, one had no way to dry the clothes. Crisis!)

I have wished all my life, that I had some way to know all the family members that have lived before my time. I can look at their pictures, but all I have is their physical image. I wish so much that I could know who they were. What were their hopes and dreams? How did they cope with the disappointments and losses that are part of our human existence? How did they feel about family members and friends? How did they live "day in and day out?" What were their supreme moments of joy? What were their times of discouragement and despair? I feel like if I could have had their answers to these deep questions, I would have found inspiration and courage in my own time of struggle.

It is with high hopes that I write this autobiography. May it in some small way help future generations to live a full and purposeful life. I will include prayers and writings that helped and strengthened me in my life's journey.

Maternal Side of the Family

The story of my maternal side of the family begins with two brothers, Henry Carlisle, my great-uncle and Adam, my great grandfather.

Adam and his older brother, Henry, had both immigrated from Ballymena, County Antrim in Northern Ireland. Henry was older and became a station agent for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad in Egypt. When Henry enlisted in the Confederate Army, in Forrest's Cavalry, he enlisted Adam to come and take charge of the station.

Henry and Adam worked together to amass large amounts of property and farmed cotton in Mississippi. Henry died on July 29, 1895 and left Adam executor of his estate. Henry never married or had children. A sketch of Henry's eventful life follows. It was printed in the *Aberdeen Examiner* in 1895

Henry Carlisle

On the 29th of July, I received the sorrowful tidings that Mr. Henry Carlisle had just died, and that I was wanted on the following morning to superintend the last sad rites of sepulcher.

He had passed, doubtless, not more than one decade the meridian of life, and such were his powers of manhood, his capacity for endurance, and his strenuous activity, I was wholly unprepared for the sad intelligence of his death.

With a form unbent by the weight of years, with a mind wonderfully endowed, and a heart beautiful and adorned by the riches of sympathy for suffering humanity, with an influence of marvelous scope, still deepening and widening; alas! All this finds a sudden end in the coffin, and a long repose in the city of the dead.

My first real acquaintance with the deceased began during the bloody struggle of 61-65. For many months during the war our associations were close and intimate, and I knew him as I knew few other men. No cause ever had a more conscientious, chivalrous officer and soldier than Lieutenant Carlisle. He was as brave as Marshal Ney, and as kind and considerate to the loyal as Nathaniel Greene. Photographed most vividly upon my mind in the last desperate and bloody charge under his immediate command. It occurred on the 22nd of July, 1864, when forming on Hardee's left the Confederate line stormed and carried the enemy's works.

In the face of deadly fire of grape and canister, Lieutenants Manning and Carlisle checked our wavering line, and with words of command and cheer drove the enemy from his well intrenched position in Decatur.

Their bearing upon this and similar occasions was animating and inspiring, and infused new life and new courage in the hearts of the timid and incredulous.

As a financier, Mr. Carlisle was a decided success. Reaching Prairie with no capital save his own native ability and the horse upon which he rode, the utter ruin and desolation which met his gaze, and the abject poverty of himself and people, stirred to its profoundest depths of his soul, and panoplied him with the spirit of determined resistance. Cautious and honest, clear-headed and vigorously energetic, he went to work to retrieve the fortunes of "anti-bellum" days, and scarcely two decades passed into history, before our friend was known as one of the wealthy men of Monroe County.

His early advantages were meager, and his education hardly reached beyond the initiative, yet he held with an unyielding grasp the great diploma of manhood in Nature's University, an inflexible determination of purpose, and an unwavering loyalty to principle. And with this chart from his Alma Mater, he amassed a fortune, and met, with but comparative loss, the great financial upheaval of the present decade.

Yet with all he never "used" many words in buying and selling, and his integrity, his honor, his scrupulous truthfulness was simply wonderful. While Mr. Carlisle loved to make money, yet he would have scorned the very thought of misleading, although by such means he could have filled his coffers with thousands. Nor would he have withheld the truth, or any part of the truth to "drive a bargain." No man could truthfully say of my friend, according to the common acceptance of that term, "Henry Carlisle was a sharp, keen trader." Do not marvel at this and retort: "Why, that is nothing wonderful! I am honest; all good men are truthful." 'Tis untrue-all men, even the best of us, with here and there an honorable exception, are, in a strictly moral sense, dishonest and untruthful.

The rock-bed of business in this age, is selfishness in open and undisguised form-selfishness, ministering to its own rapacity by a thousand base and shameful tricks and chicaneries, selfishness, assisting itself with deceit and fraud, with over-reaching and misrepresentations-selfishness, sneering at integrity, and scoffing at honor as an out-worn imbecility. "Succeed" is its persistent, remorseless demand --"Succeed," no matter under what surroundings, or at what cost.

Where is the man who will in the bustle of trade and exchange, at all times and under all conditions, tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? In vindication of our common humanity, I say he does exist, yet when found is a marvel to this money-seeking, money-loving age.

Mr. Carlisle's tenacity in holding, and his courage in proclaiming straight lines of policy and fixed principles of business, have ever been phenomenal among all who knew his inner life. His estimate of character and of measures were of the highest order, and he absolutely scorned the little, the mean, the cowardly.

With him principle was dominant- right, not might, was his motto, and to this he adhered, with unflinching purpose. Policy, intrigue, stratagem, were abhorrent to his nature, and I verily believe that he would, if necessary, have laid down his life for the right. His character, along all these lines, was not only unassailable, but a tower of strength--an inspiration--like some old stately fortress, proudly rearing its impregnable towers against the cloudless sky, while even the cruel sea could only fawn persuasively at its feet, and wash with foam-the living rock upon which it was reared.

When Henry Carlisle breathed his last and sank into the grave, the honor of Monroe County paled and quivered in its zenith, and well may she now don her habiliments of mourning, and wail her loss of truth.

As my friend was a marvel of truth and honesty, so he was a marvel of unselfishness. There are thousands far more pretentious, and arrogating to themselves peculiar sanctity, who are at heart rioting in selfishness, and whose every word and act is dominated by this despicable power.

For unalloyed unselfishness, and a disinterested nobility of soul, Mr. Carlisle stood the peer of the peerless, and in the conscientious dignity of his prowess, regaled himself in his own regal home.

His lavished ministrations to the improvident negro was truly amazing. As they would recount their work, and portray in simple yet eloquent words their own wants, and the wants of their little ones, his warm Irish heart would swell with sympathy; and although in arrears far beyond any hope of reimbursement, would order that their wants be met. And I here confidently predict that the posting of his books will disclose a disbursement of charities of gigantic proportion.

I am informed that fully three hundred sorrowing negroes, stood with uncovered heads at his grave. The negro, the toiling hard-pressed man, has lost his benefactor.

I have lost my dearest, my truest earthly friend. In every emergency, in every crisis, I was found in secret conference with my friend.

"Tis needless that I state with what results. I am now bereft and know no one whom I can approach with unshaken confidence in the hour of need. I love, I honor the memory of Henry Carlisle.

In closing this humble tribute to the memory of my friend, I offer no apology for his mistakes. That he had faults, great and grievous, I candidly admit.

And the only shadow in all this splendid character is the sad truth that such a great big generous heart was so long in yielding to the wooings of the Nazarean; and that such a brave soldier postponed to the critical and hazardous days of the last campaign, his enlistment in the army of the Lord.

A letter however from Mrs. Adam Carlisle brings the comforting intelligence that he triumphed in the last momentous conflict and found peace with God. I am also informed that Mr. Carlisle had for a long while intended to publicly announce his allegiance to Christ, and unite with the church; and that he rebuked himself for procrastinating so long that all-important duty. His sorrowing brother and the nephew whom he loved so fondly, and who bears his name, caught from his dying lips the shout of victory. "All is well."

From his suffering couch, he sounds the clarion note of warning, adds inspiration to the penitent soul, and bequeaths to sorrowing friends and kindred, a heritage, far more priceless and enduring than costly merchandise or vast land estates. Let us profit by his mistakes and emulate his heroic deeds.

J. T. Cunningham

Verona, Mississippi, August 8, 1895

Adam Carlisle

Adam was industrious and intelligent just like Henry. He learned a great deal from Henry about being a successful businessman and being a planter in Mississippi. Adam stopped his job as a station agent at the Mobile & Ohio Railroad Company when he married Fannie Green Gunn, in 1873. She was the daughter of Frances Norris Green Gunn and Reverend Robert Gunn, a very distinguished and prominent citizen, shrewd businessman, preacher and large plantation owner. Through his marriage into the Gunn family and his own family holdings, Adam amassed a large amount of land, ultimately known as the Carlisle Plantations in Monroe County. Monroe County became the largest cotton producing county in Northern Mississippi. In 1903, he vacated the home and plantations in Egypt. Adam moved his family

into Aberdeen, where he helped found the Monroe Banking and Trust Company in 1904. Adam and Fannie had eight children. Their fourth child was Maye Carlisle, my maternal grandmother.

When Adam died in 1916, the *Jackson Daily News* wrote, "Mr. Carlisle was a retired capitalist and one of the most prominent men in the State." The following is a tribute to Adam's life that appeared in the *Aberdeen Examiner*.

When Adam Carlisle took his bed for the last time, he was teaching his little granddaughter from the poem of Sam Walter Foss these lines:

"I would not sit in the scorner's seat; Nor hurl the cynics ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend of man."

This little quotation is a fair reflex of the innermost soul of Adam Carlisle. When his older brother, Henry Carlisle, was elected Lieutenant of the Beuna Vista Rifles and went to war, Adam was made agent of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad Company in Egypt in his stead; Adam, the youngest of a large family, had just come to America from Ireland; he remained agent of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad Company until about 1873, when he married Miss Fannie G. Gunn, the daughter of the Reverend R. B. Gunn, a minister in the Primitive Baptist Church, and a distinguished and wealthy citizen of Chickasaw County. Mr. Carlisle was then about thirty-three years of age, and his wife much younger. They moved at once into the splendid plantation home just west of Egypt, which they reluctantly vacated to move to Aberdeen where they permanently settled in 1903. In this beautiful "house by the side of the road, many a weary traveler rested and was refreshed, no one was turned away. The head of the house literally hailed his friends and compelled them to come in, and enjoy his hospitality which was his chief pleasure; and this was still in his heart when he was teaching his little granddaughter the lines quoted above. All his life his family and his friends were his chief concern.

Adam Carlisle was born in Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, June 15, 1840 and was baptized on October 25 following into the old Blue Stocking Presbyterian Church. About twenty years ago he joined the Methodist Church at Egypt, because there was no Presbyterian Church in the neighborhood, but when he came to Aberdeen he went back to his own Presbyterian Church. He was the last of a large family of Ulstermen. His brothers were John, William, James and Henry and his sisters were Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Nancy Allen, the latter the wife of James Allen and long since dead, being the only member of this large family who ever married, except for Adam. All came to America. All lived the simple life in Chickasaw County, west of Egypt. Henry and Adam acquired wealth and were successful businessmen and prominent citizens. The other brothers were not so well known. James went back and died in Ireland. William and John were buried in their new home.

John dying lately at the residence of his brother Adam. The three bachelor brothers and their unmarried sister cared nothing for wealth and prominence. John, especially was a great reader, whatever Henry and Adam had belonged to them also, and they were unconcerned about money. These older brothers had delved in the peat bogs of their native land and shivered over the scant fires in that treeless country, and when they came to the great wilderness of the South, they protested they must live in a wooded country and could never be persuaded to take up any fertile prairie lands that made Henry and Adam so rich; they wanted to live where they could get wood; after wood and home comforts, it was reading matter and quiet with them.

Another branch of this large Irish family, closely related to the Mississippi Carlises, settled in South Carolina, among whom were a number of distinguished men, the most noted being the late Dr. James H. Carlisle, President of Wofford College, perhaps the most loved man in his State, who is said to have refused a seat in the United States Senate, to continue his loved employ as teacher of the youth of his country.

Adam Carlisle was an exemplary citizen from every standpoint, honorable to the highest degree, free from every form of moral delinquency; he lived the life of a hopeful, progressive, untarnished gentleman until the last. He loved his adopted country beyond measure; after the war many talked of going to Texas, but he protested that this was a good enough country for him, and he refused even to discuss leaving it. He was a noble and successful farmer until he finally abandoned the farm in 1903, and located in Aberdeen to live his last days. Here in 1904 he joined with Captain H.J. B Lann in founding the Monroe Banking and Trust Company, which was a success from the start; he joined others in making large investments to establish the Aberdeen Clothing Company. He did not expect great returns, but he wanted to furnish women an opportunity to make an honorable

living near their homes. That institution did not succeed, but he never uttered a word of complaint at the heavy loss he sustained. Sometimes old men grow morose, tired, reminiscent and despondent; Adam Carlisle, to his last day, to quote Woodrow Wilson, was a forward-looking man; he had his children and his grandchildren and his friends about him; he had faith in his adopted country and he kept his face to the morning.

Of the nine children born in the beautiful country home, one died in infancy and all of the others were about their father's bedside in his last illness and to the end. They are W. H. Carlisle, named for brother Henry, now the President of Monroe Banking and Trust Company, Mrs. John Crawford of West Point; Mrs. Joe E. Houston, Mrs. Maye Carlisle Hinds, Adam Carlisle Jr., Mrs. John Allen Sykes, Robert G. Carlisle, and Mrs. Wm. F. Paine all of Aberdeen. These eight children and their mother were the chief concern of Adam Carlisle, after them came his friends and his country. He only reached Mississippi the first year of the Civil War, stormy times he encountered; he entered thoroughly into the troublesome days of 1876; he joined the insurgents who over-threw negro rule, but he was the warm friend and protector of his own negro tenants.

The sketch could hardly be complete without some references to Henry Carlisle, the older brother who kept his home at Prairie until his death in Aberdeen in 1895. Henry Carlisle, like Adam, was one of the finest and highest types of citizens, big brained, generous, successful, uncompromising in what he believed to be right, a splendid soldier, and a kind neighbor.

Adam Carlisle was a notable figure, first in Chickasaw and later in Monroe and Clay Counties, but his neighbors did not know one side of his life, his love of poetry was a passion with him. His daily companion was Burns; his home copy is marked over with notes and comments, he knew much of it by heart, and it was his constant solace. He kept a scrap book, and selection of the poems of beautiful sentiment pasted therein are a striking comment on this hidden side of his daily life. Another verse of the poem he was teaching his little grand-daughter when he died is:

Let me live in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by; They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, Wise, foolish--and so am I."

This sentiment expressed the humble opinion of this distinguished man of himself; he was unobtrusive and retiring, left a good name as a heritage to his family. A pity that we know so little of the neighbor across the fence and say so little while he lives. Mr. Carlisle died at his home in Aberdeen, on March 25th, 1916, and was buried in Odd Fellow's Rest.

-Geo. J. Leftwich

Maye Carlisle

As Adam and Fannie's fourth child and third oldest girl, Maye, was often referred to in the society pages as one of "the beautiful Carlisle girls." She had long thick dark hair and very fair skin. Maye was very much in love with a young man who wanted to be a doctor. This was in a time when there was no medical school. One apprenticed himself to be a doctor. From this doctor, you learned accepted practices for curing people with different diseases. A doctor was often paid with fresh eggs, a chicken, etc. Maye's family discouraged her interest in the want-to-be doctor. They preferred that she marry someone like Luther Claiborne Hinds. His future was secure, because he and his family owned a hardware store. He had "standing in the community."

Luther Hinds was from Guntown, Mississippi. He was also well known in Jackson, having spent four years as a student at Millsaps College, where he took high rank in scholarship, and was quite popular in social circles as a Kappa Sig.

Maye agreed to marry Luther Hinds on June 30, 1910.

Willie Weaver, my mother

My mother, Willie Carlisle Hinds, was born on November 17, 1911 in Aberdeen, Mississippi. My mother was named after her mother's oldest brother "Brother Willie" who was the President of the Monroe

Banking and Trust Company in Aberdeen. (Can you even imagine naming a little girl “Willie?”) Brother Willie had good judgment and made good decisions. He was highly respected by the people in Aberdeen. Maye adored him, so that is why she named her beautiful daughter Willie Carlisle.

Sometime in January 1914, when my mamma was still two, Maye took my mamma home to her parents, Adam and Fannie. Maye told Luther she wanted a divorce. Divorce was unheard of in their generation. (In those days, no one got a divorce. Perhaps if a woman was married to a drunk who beat her senseless every night, a divorce would be acceptable. However, this was not the case with Luther and Maye.) When you married, you stayed married. Society observed strict codes about many things. If anyone dared to break one of those codes, he was ostracized.

The Tombigbee River ran through Aberdeen. Back so long ago, no swimming pools existed, therefore no one could swim. Everyone stayed away from the river. One day Luther didn't go to the hardware store. Days passed and Luther was still missing. He never returned. He was so distraught over Maye leaving, that he jumped in the river and drowned. What an enormous tragedy for Luther and his family. When they told Maye about his death one can only imagine her thoughts. I feel certain she felt that her actions caused his death. She knew everyone in Aberdeen would blame her. They would say she was a selfish, mean-spirited girl. No one would have anything to do with her, and she would carry the blame of his death forever.

The tragedy was not over. Maye began to suffer from depression. The doctors had no knowledge or medicine back then to help her. Maye was sent to a sanitarium in Memphis. Sometimes Maye came home. My darling mother was so happy when her mother came home. My mother remembered how much fun she had playing with her beautiful mother. Maye would sing songs to her and tell her stories. It upset my mamma whenever Maye left. My mother lived with her grandparents Mammae and Adam when Maye was away.

All of Maye's sisters and brothers that stayed in Aberdeen went out of their way to be good and loving to Willie Carlisle. Mammae and Willie Carlisle were invited to all the birthday parties and holiday parties. They sent Willie Carlisle to camp in the summertime. Willie Carlisle had an enormous extended family. All those dear people were thoughtful and kind to my mother. She was also included in the activities of other families. In a small town like Aberdeen, everyone knew she had lost both her parents, so friends of the family often invited her to come play and have lunch.

One sad, sad day, in 1921 Maye was committed to Mississippi State Hospital in Whitfield, and she never came home again. Mammae and Adam had already reared 8 children, but they took full custody of Willie Carlisle.

I imagine their way of living in the Deep South was similar to that of the life portrayed in Margaret Mitchell's book *Gone With the Wind*. As a well-to-do family, they could afford a lot of help when Mammae and Adam raised their eight children and later when they raised my mamma. There are several pictures of her with a sweet looking African American woman. I feel certain she helped raise my mother. Her name was Aunt Jane Clay.

Willie Carlisle attended the schools in Aberdeen. She was very smart and learned quickly. She was taught to be a “Southern lady.” Ladies did not smoke, drink or tell their husbands what to do. They never used cuss words or yelled because they were angry. Mamma said she was taught to talk in a

soft Southern drawl. She was told to not be assertive and defer to her husband on everything. It was instilled in her that it was the woman's responsibility to care for the home and children. My mother was the perfect example of a Southern lady.

She inherited her mother's dark brown wavy hair and beautiful skin. I just loved to see Mamma take her hair down and brush it. It was so beautiful and so was my mamma. She wore her exquisite hair pulled back and twisted in a bun on the back of her neck. It was soft and wavy around her face. Momma had clear skin with no blemishes and dark spots. And the most wonderful thing about my mother was her graceful manner and her kind personality. I thought she was an angel. She was so unselfish, so beautiful, so giving, so kind. I never heard her raise her voice in anger. I know there is no such thing as a perfect person, however, I will always say my mamma was the almost perfect person. I adored her. I thanked God continuously for giving me Willie Carlisle to be my mother. She was unselfish, loving, devoted and charming. Growing up, I wanted to be just like her.

My mother graduated from Aberdeen High School in 1929 and went to Mississippi State College for Women in Columbus. At the end of her third year of studies, she transferred to Duke University. She graduated from Duke in Durham, North Carolina with a Bachelor's of Arts in 1933. At Duke she also joined the Kappa Delta Sorority which was also part of her adult life.

In 1932, while Mamma was in her fall semester at Duke, Mammae, her grandmother who raised her, died. Brother Willie called to tell her the sad news. He also told my mother she could not to come home for the funeral, which I am sure broke her heart. (It was during the Great Depression). I am sure she accepted his decision. After graduation from Duke, Willie Carlisle went to Tulane University to work on a Master's Degree in Social Work. I have no idea who paid for Willie Carlisle to go to college. I can only guess it was Brother Willie. Willie Carlisle loved living in New Orleans where she met my daddy on a double date.

Looking back, despite my mamma's privileged upbringing, the tragedy of her parents caused her great pain, and she didn't like to talk about it. In fact, growing up, she told us that her parents were both dead. It wasn't until I was much older that I realized that Mamma's mother was still alive. Maye died in 1964.

An incident I remember that illustrates Mamma's pain about her parents happened with the Hush Club. Mamma had a group of ladies who were all in Kappa Delta Sorority. They formed a group called the "Hush Club" in Houston. (The name "Hush Club" came from an incident at the first meeting where El Barrow, one of the leaders and the more talkative members, was monopolizing the conversation, and another lady said, "Hush, El, it's my time to talk." That's why they called themselves the Hush Club.)

I don't remember how many were in the Hush Club, maybe eight ladies. At one of their "meetings," El Barrow went around the table and wanted each person to tell where they had grown up and all about their family. When El Barrow asked my mother those personal questions, my mother said she was reared by her grandparents. El asked what happened to her parents. My momma said that they both died. El kept asking more questions and Momma refused to say anything else. When I came home from school, I heard my precious mamma crying. She almost never cried, so I got very upset. She told me briefly what had happened. I didn't like El Barrow after that.

Leonard Dana Weaver, my daddy

My Daddy, Leonard Dana Weaver, was born on October 11, 1910 in Pensacola, Florida, but he grew up in Brewton, Alabama. (Pensacola was the closest big city to Brewton.) I called my dad's parents Mom-mom and Pop. Their real names were Abraham Garfield Weaver and Elizabeth (Bessie) Perdue Weaver. They married on December 29, 1909.

My daddy was their first-born son. There were three more sons who followed: Abraham Garfield Jr. "Bud", Claude and Virgil (Jiggs). Later a little girl was born. They named her Anne Elizabeth, but she died as a toddler. I was named after this child.

Mom-mom and Pop lived in a small town of Brewton, Alabama. Pop was the head of the men's department store at Robbins and McGowin Co. They had a small farm and worked very hard to support their family. They specialized in raising Camelias and Azaleas. (Can you imagine feeding four boys?) In addition to raising flowers, Mom-mom and Pop had cows, chickens, and a big garden. In the spring and early summer, vegetables were plentiful. My Daddy said every Sunday his mother killed and cleaned two chickens, then fried them for lunch. (My Daddy had a sensitive stomach and he couldn't eat anything fried in his adult life.)

Pop, Daddy's father was not an affectionate or loving father, likely due to his sad childhood. Pop was the fourteenth child of George Price Weaver, who was a private in the Smith's Militia, and fought against the Seminoles in the Indian Wars. George was 63 when Abraham was born. Pop's mom, Hannah Elizabeth Weaver, died when he was 5. Pop's father, George, died when Pop was 8, so Pop was orphaned at an early age. He went to live with his uncle, Levi, who already had eight children, until he was old to make it on his own. It is likely Pop had a lonely, difficult childhood. Consequently, he never gave much emotionally to his own children. The children never heard, "You did a good job. I'm proud of you." I rather imagine Daddy, being the oldest, was given all the difficult jobs. His parents knew Leonard would do them right the first time. And the times they lived in were very, very hard. There were no modern conveniences, no grocery stores, no heat or air conditioning. Money was in short supply. You had to work from sun-up to sun-down just to put food on the table. The sad truth was my daddy's family was poor when he was a boy.

A tragedy happened in the family in 1945 when their youngest son Virgil was killed. Like many men at the time, Virgil was drafted to fight in WW2 in September 1942. He was assigned to the wire section, one in which the soldier carried a roll of telephone wire between headquarters company and the line companies, so that they could maintain telephone contact during the fighting. He was shot in Germany close to the border of Czechoslovakia. He was near a line company when he was wounded on February 28th. Medics came to him, but there was a man nearby who was more seriously wounded, so Virgil said, "Take him." The medics took the man, but they didn't come back for Virgil, and it snowed that night and it was very cold. He was finally rescued, but he contracted pneumonia, and he died on March 5th in the hospital. Virgil did receive a Purple Heart "for Military Merit and For Wounds Received in Action."

Daddy also had a cousin, Woodrow Weaver who was drafted into the Navy. He was killed in the Battle of Savo Island when his ship sustained several hits. A shell hit him. Back then everyone seemed to have a family members who were killed in WWII. Daddy had to register for the WWII draft in 1940, but because he was about to have a young child, he was allowed to be in the reserves. Thankfully he didn't have to go to Europe or Japan and fight.

Sadly, Bessie, daddy's mamma, died in 1948, three years after Virgil died. It was said she had a heart condition, but the family always said she died of a "broken heart." Five years later Pop married a woman named Dorothy Bushman Henthorne. They had no children.

The only time I remember being with Mom-mom and Pop was one summer we all drove to Brewton, Alabama for a family reunion. We met Bud and his wife Earline and their son Buddy and their daughter Anita. We met Claude and Mildred and their daughters Jane, Joe and Judy. We took pictures.

Of course, Daddy's parents had no money for college. Mom-mom, also called Bess, had a sister named Irene who was married to Jones Davis. Jones was a good businessman. Bess and Irene put their heads together to find a way for my daddy to go to college. Jones, Irene and Jane lived in New Orleans. Jones worked for Parke Davis and Company. Parke Davis and Company was in the business of creating, marketing and selling new drugs. Jones and Irene asked Leonard to come live with them in New Orleans and go to Tulane University. What a wonderful opportunity for my daddy. He spent four years at Tulane in New Orleans.

My Dad paid for college by having a paper route. He delivered the Times-Picayune in New Orleans in the morning. He had to get up at 4 a.m. to roll his papers and deliver them on time. In New Orleans, he took care of his room and board by living with Jones and Irene Davis.

A little bit of information about Jones and Irene: They had a daughter that died at birth. Irene became pregnant again. Her pelvic bones were too narrow. The Caesarian section had not been developed. The doctor used forceps to pull the baby out. This caused brain damage. Their poor daughter, Jane, was crippled in her hands and feet and her speech was difficult to understand. She was confined to a wheelchair all her life.

These dear people invited us to come visit them every Labor Day. Oh, how much we enjoyed those visits. Jones left Park Davis and went in the wholesale business and became very wealthy. He always drove a brand-new Cadillac.

My daddy finished his degree in Chemistry at Tulane in 1934. While Daddy was still going to Tulane, my mom and dad met on a blind date. They dated, fell in love and decided to marry. This was the point that Jones Davis stepped in to help him again. Jones had worked for Parke Davis and Company. He contacted Parke Davis and Company and asked if they had a job for his nephew. They remembered how good of an employee Jones was, so Parke Davis hired my daddy. They told him the company was expanding. They offered Leonard a job as the Hospital Representative in Houston, Texas.

Willie and Leonard's marriage and early life together

They had a whirlwind courtship and married in Aberdeen, Mississippi on June 25, 1936. My momma and daddy married in the First Methodist Church in Aberdeen, Mississippi. My precious mother wore a beige knee length dress with a jacket. My handsome daddy wore a dark suit. Brother Willie gave her away. The reception was held in Brother Willie's home. I'm sure the refreshments were simple: wedding cake, punch, nuts and mints. Daddy didn't want to attend the reception; he persuaded my mamma to leave right after the wedding. (My momma always told me she regretted not staying for the reception. The members of her family had worked so hard to prepare the refreshments and decorations.)

After the wedding, Willie and Leonard drove to Houston, so Daddy could start his job as the Parke Davis Representative for the Houston area. His title was New Orleans Branch Hospital Salesman. Driving from Aberdeen, Mississippi to Houston, Texas probably took three or four days. I don't know how my daddy had money for the trip.

I remember the story Daddy told about their days as newly-weds. (When my mamma lived with Adam and Mammae, Mammae had cooks to prepare all the meals.) My lovely mother had never been taught how to cook. All she knew how to cook was creamed tuna on toast. Just as soon as they were settled in their apartment, Willie Carlisle cooked dinner. The first night she prepared cream tuna on toast. The second night she prepared creamed tuna on toast. The third night she prepared creamed tuna on toast. Finally, my daddy said, "Is this all you know how to cook?" With tear-filled eyes she said, "Yes."

My Birth and First Home on Stanford

When my parents first got to Houston, their first home was a garage apartment at 4510 Stanford. I don't know how long my parents stayed in the garage apartment.

They had only one car. My daddy took it to work and my mamma stayed home. She rode the bus to the grocery store and other places she needed to go. The bus system was used by many people.

I was born on March 15, 1941. My Dad worked hard and made enough money to have my mother stay at home with me. (In the 1940's and 1950's most women stayed at home and were full-time mothers.) My mother worked so hard as a wife and mother. She cooked all day, every day. She became a wonderful cook, and we had such good meals. We also had a lady named Nina who thoroughly cleaned the house every week. Nina worked for us for many years. Mamma had to pick her up and take her home because she had no car.

When I was a little girl, Mamma and I rode the bus to downtown Houston. Our destination was usually Foley's Department Store. In summer, all the windows were down. The gasoline fumes entered the bus. Every time I rode the bus, I got very sick from breathing the fumes.

This was right in the middle of World War II. There were two main sources of getting information: radio and newspaper. This fact enabled our parents to shelter us from the bad things of life. I knew there was a war. But I didn't have any idea what that meant.

When daddy went to work, he wore a dark suit, a long-sleeved white shirt, a tie, brown oxford lace-up shoes, dark socks and a fedora. I thought he was the most handsome man in the world. He had to call on hospitals and doctors and introduce them to new medicines being manufactured by Parke Davis. Medicines were not plentiful as they are today, but new drugs were being created regularly. Because my daddy majored in Chemistry at Tulane, I know he was one of their best salesmen.

When Daddy came home from work, he took a little nap before dinner. He had a hard job. He carried a big black bag filled with medicines and order pads when he called on customers. It was HEAVY. At night he would write up the orders on our kitchen table and then mail them to the main office of Park Davis and Company in Detroit, Michigan.

I'm sure as he got older, he was very tired after a day's work. When I think about him traipsing around to hospitals and doctors all day, and in the summer heat, I am proud of him. He did a good, good job supporting his family.

Home on Plumb Street

Sometime in 1944, our Daddy signed a mortgage for \$5000. He bought a brown brick home in West University Place. Our address was 2923 Plumb Street. I think it cost \$5000. Our house was on a small lot, and we had an enormous tree in our backyard. We had a clothesline in the back with iron posts on either end in the backyard. There were three metal wires, and evenly spaced tied to the iron posts. In summer there was plenty of heat to dry the clothes. However, in the winter drying clothes was much harder. It rained almost every afternoon in Houston. I guess Mamma washed early every morning and got the clothes outside to dry. I know they dried faster if there was a breeze.

Our home and most of the homes in West University Place had been built soon after the end of World War 1. The average home had bricks on the outside. The inside had a living room with a fireplace, a dining room, a kitchen with an area for a washing machine, a broom closet and some shelves and cabinets. There was a screen porch, 2 bedrooms and 1 bath. The closets were all very small. At the time the war ended, people didn't own huge amounts of clothes and shoes.

Dana

My parents waited until after World War II to have another child. Daddy used to say, they were waiting to see if they'd be speaking German or Japanese.

Dana was born on June 19, 1946, when I was five years old; he is only sibling. (Dana was a Baby Boomer. All the soldiers were coming home to their wives in 1945, so 1946 was a big year for babies.) My parents named him after Daddy. His name was Leonard Dana Weaver Jr., and they called him Dana. I know I was excited to have a brother. I wanted to change his diapers, hold his bottle and play with him. I was disappointed when he slept most of the time.

Mamma told me that when I talked about him to anyone else I called him My baby brother. Mamma said I was so proud of him. Mamma and I went for a walk in the neighborhood and I would want to ring everyone's doorbell and show them my brother. Of course, Mamma said, "We need to keep the buggy moving. Babies love motion."

I have all good memories about Dana as a baby and a toddler. I think he was happy and contented most of the time. I rather imagine I learned to be helping and caring by taking care of Dana. I am sure my mother talked in her lovely way, and I always wanted to be just like our precious mother.

Our mother couldn't sing. Perhaps she was tone deaf. But she loved to read to us, and we loved to listen. I memorized some of the nursery rhymes, and I would say them to Dana. I loved to have Dana on the floor with me when he was a toddler. We would play with our stuffed toys and blocks.

When he learned to crawl, we would crawl all over the house together. Dana was very coordinated, and he learned quickly. When he learned to walk, I had trouble keeping up with him. And then he started to run and climb. "Help Mamma!"

You must remember when Dana was a baby, I was five. Every weekday morning, I went to school until noon. I came home, and Dana ate first. When he was finished Mamma and I ate lunch. Mamma put Dana in his playpen. It didn't take long for the three of us to take a nap.

Dana was a big, beautiful baby. When the three of us went to the grocery store or anywhere else in public, people wanted to see my brother. They would say, "What a fine-looking boy he is." Some of them would look at me and say, "What a pretty little girl you have." I was quick to explain that I was a big helper to my mother. She let me go get a clean diaper and go put the wet one in the diaper pail. I talked to my brother all the time. Mamma told me if I would talk and sing to Dana, it would help him learn to talk. So I talked to him in a loving voice all. I told him that he had a Mamma, a Daddy, and a sister. He lived in a nice house on Plumb Street, and he was a very handsome boy. "Dana, your mother is beautiful. She is gentle, sweet and kind. She loves you so much. Your Daddy is handsome, very smart and a hard worker. He loves you very much. You have a sister named Anne, I love you very much too."

Dana had several boys about his age living nearby. P. B. Brelsford, Stan Ludwick, and I can't recall the other names right now, but there were plenty of boys and girls in our neighborhood. We all loved playing outside in the early morning and late evening. During the hottest part of the day, we played inside with coolness coming in the house by the attic fan.

I think it is already mentioned that in spite of the heat, we played inside and out all summer long.

I can't remember if I told this, but we always had a dog. These fortunate dogs spent most of the summers in the house. They did enjoy being out in the early morning and late evening. Don't forget there was no affordable air conditioning, until we were older.

Our brick home at 2923 Plumb is still standing. These brick homes were basic-2 bedrooms, 2 baths. The rooms were large back in the early 1940's. All the closets were so small. Nobody had huge amounts of clothes, because you had such little space. She took Dad's clothes to the dry cleaners. What a lot of work!

When our house was built, the builder put crepe myrtles in the grass squares near the street. They are still alive after so many years of growing and being cut back 70-75 years. Our part of Houston was called West University Place and it was a very popular place to live. Remember, the crepe myrtles.

Dana and I shared a bedroom when we were young. I can only remember one incident that happened in our room, the hairbrush story.

I think I was about 10 years old and Dana was 5. Our parents put each one of us in our twin bed. They told us to lie down and take a nap. I immediately resisted the idea. I sat up in my bed and stuck my tongue out at Dana. Dana picked up a hairbrush and threw it at me. I ducked. All of sudden there was a loud sound of glass breaking.

My poor mamma and daddy were trying to take a nap. Needless to say, the noise disturbed them. They came running to our bedroom to see what had happened. I acted like Miss Innocent. Dana yelled, "It's Anne's fault because she ducked."

Our parents decided that we should have our own rooms. They added a bedroom and bath on to the back of our house. A man named Mr. Markwardt did the addition all by himself. The addition was behind the kitchen and breakfast room. It was a nice-sized bedroom with two small closets. The bathroom was small with a shower. The shower was not made of tile. It was made of tin, and I didn't like it.

Riding the Train

It was such fun to go to Union Station. The station was gigantic. The best part, however, was going out to the tracks. There was a vast number of trains going all over the United States. As you would walk along beside the big trains, they would blow steam; and they had a distinctive smell.

We would walk along the tracks until we came to the passenger cars. There was a man called the porter. He would help you find the right car and put down a metal stool, so one could easily step up to the steps leading up to the walkway. When the train was about to leave, the porter would call, "ALL ABOARD." The porters always wore dark pants and a white coat.

The passenger cars had big windows for the people to see the places they were passing by.

The conductor would come through each passenger car and look at the tickets. He had something like a hole punch. He would punch out your ticket to show that it had been used. He wore a solid Navy-blue uniform and hat.

The cars on the train were coupled together. As the passengers moved from car to car, they crossed the open-air sections between the cars. Each car had doors on either end. If one had to walk to the dining car, he had to open and close a lot of doors. That was great fun. The trains lurched and pitched as they rolled along the tracks. It was necessary to hold your arms out, so you could keep your balance. There were bathrooms at one end of every passenger car. One always had to get up and try to stay straight up as he made his way to the bathrooms. It was not an easy task to go to the bathroom. The bathroom area was very small. And, of course, the train lurched and pitched. I seem to remember that there were bars to hold on to.

I was quite shocked to learn that the toilets emptied out on the tracks. I well remember the children never went to play near the train tracks. It was dangerous and unsanitary.

When the train was about to get to a town, the porter came through all the passenger cars announcing the name of the town just ahead. He called out in a loud voice, "Next stop, Post." The Porter would stand out between the two cars. When the train stopped, he would put his little stool down. He would get down first. Then he held his hand out to help each passenger get off. These men were always outgoing and jolly.

I loved riding the train, and I am sad that they are obsolete. Everyone should get to ride the train. It is so much better than an airplane could ever be. An airplane is quicker, but it is in no way as exciting and romantic as a train! I had the joy of riding the train as long as I was in college which was in the early 1960's. I rode it many times when I went to Tech.

Favorite Childhood Memories of Daddy

One of my favorite memories of Mamma and Daddy was annual trips Daddy took to Michigan. The home office for Parke Davis was in Detroit, Michigan; they held a yearly meeting for all their salesmen. One these occasions, we all drove to the Union Pacific train station in downtown Houston. We got the correct track number and walked out to find the train going to Michigan. Mamma always cried before my daddy left. I was puzzled by her tears and asked her why she was crying. She would just say because your daddy is leaving. When we all went to the train station and Daddy got on the train, she would try hard not to cry. However, try as she might, she would always cry.

My daddy owned a long coat, and he always wore it on his trip to Michigan. The meetings were held in the winter. Dana and I thought it must have been great fun to see snow. In Houston it snowed about once every ten years.

Another vivid memory of Daddy is how he looked when he mowed the yard every Saturday morning. He wore light tan long pants and an undershirt, old shoes, a cap and a bandana around his head to keep the sweat out of his eyes. He sharpened the blades on his mower and pushed it very hard to cut the tall grass. The sweat poured off him like rainwater. He had to edge with a manual edger. He had to push the edger between the cement and the grass growing over the sidewalks. This was such a hard job. None of the tools were motorized, so it took him a long time to finish the job. If it rained a lot the week before, Saturday the grass was extra tall and cutting the grass was even harder.

I also remember my daddy used to love to whistle. I would stop and listen whenever he whistled.

Daddy had a bad habit. He smoked Camel Cigarettes. Back in the 1930's, no one realized the dangers of smoking cigarettes. It was a popular thing for both men and women to do.

I forgot something very amazing about my daddy. If our toilets needed repairs, we didn't call a plumber. We told Daddy. He went to the Hardware Store and bought the parts he needed. Then he fixed the toilets. Another thing Daddy knew how to be was a carpenter. In our dining room, he built two bookshelves. The bottom parts that had three shelves were covered with doors. The shelves above were open. There were two windows on the same wall centered between the bookcases. Daddy used molding at the top and on the bottom of the bookcases. They looked very professional. Then he painted them in blue. Mamma, Dana and I thought our daddy was our hero. And he was the smartest man in Texas.

Willie and Leonard's Parenting Philosophy

At this point I need to tell you several things I remember well about my parents. First, they believed that children should never hear their parents argue or fight. I don't remember Daddy being mad or spanking me. I guess my mother was very effective, and he didn't have to punish our rebellion. I also remember that mother told us not to talk to Daddy about anything unpleasant until after dinner.

One more thing about my parents was that they never told us about anything unpleasant. Since there was no television, only radio, it was relatively easy to keep bad news a secret. When I was in the upper elementary grades, a little girl fell down a big pipe that she stumbled onto. She went way down in the ground. Of course, it was big news. My parents never talked about it or let us know about it. I went to school on Monday, and all the other children were talking about it. I knew nothing, and I got mad at my parents for not telling me. Mamma said, we are trying to protect you from the tragedies and heartaches of life as long as possible. Looking back, I am glad we didn't learn about reality. We had a happy, carefree childhood. We were better off than children nowadays. Because of television and movies, they learn a lot that has desensitized them to pain and suffering.

Church

We went to church on Sundays. I remember Daddy wore a 2-piece suit, a white long-sleeved shirt and a tie to church. My mother, on Sunday, wore a navy church dress, a hat, gloves, high-heeled shoes and hosiery. We went to Sunday School and church at St. Paul's Methodist Church on West Main Street. I

felt close to God and Jesus as I sat quietly in the church. The services were beautiful. I loved going to St. Paul's.

When Dana and I got older, we wanted to go to West University Methodist Church because our friends went there. We kept asking our parents to change. Finally, they agreed. West University Methodist Church was big and very plain. There were no stained glass windows. The windows were pale gold and opaque.

It was really fun for us to go to Sunday School, Church and MYF (Methodist Youth Fellowship). We had a dynamic leader for MYF named Leroy. He was always planning activities for our group: going on a picnic, cookouts, going to a movie, etc. Leroy began every activity by having us bow our heads and he prayed for our safety and good fellowship. He taught God's love for us. He was a committed Christian, and we all loved him.

My Childhood

When I was a baby, I wore soft white cloth diapers. Certainly, this created a crisis when it rained. I am sure Mamma used some of my old cloth diapers on Dana and bought more as needed.

When I was a child, we had only one car. Daddy took it to work on Monday through Friday. I can't remember how my mother managed without a car. I think by the time I was five, Daddy must have bought Mamma a second-hand car.

My momma and daddy never discussed money in front of their children. We never knew the price of anything or the concept of someone being rich or poor. When I was a child, I thought everyone in Houston had a comfortable home, two parents, at least one car and some toys. Since there was no television (only a radio and newspaper) parents could "shelter their children". Our parents certainly sheltered Dana and me. We never knew about violence, crime, accidents, etc. It was wonderful not to know about terrible things in life.

We were warned about potential dangers. We were told, "Don't talk to strangers. Always ask permission to go to someone else's home to play. Always tell us where you are. When it is lunchtime, come home to eat."

Our typical lunch was a sandwich, some Fritos, a glass of milk, a small apple or a few Vanilla Wafers. One of my favorite sandwiches was peanut butter and honey mixed together, spread on whole wheat bread. After lunch, we had to take a nap. Everyone was worried about catching polio. There was no air conditioning, so Mamma made sure all the windows were up. Mamma turned on the attic fan and it was cool and comfortable. Sometimes we fell asleep. We usually woke up in the middle of the afternoon. That gave us a little playtime before dinner. While we slept, Mamma had a short nap. Then she got up, did some chores and began to cook dinner.

Our mother was a wonderful cook. The meals she prepared were delicious. We never had any junk food. We were rarely allowed to eat candy or anything else loaded with sugar. Once in a while Mamma baked oatmeal cookies or brownies for us to eat. In the summer we ate a lot of fruit: cantaloupe, watermelon, grapes, strawberries and bananas. Such happy memories!

At this time, the end of West Houston was Post Oak Road. Past Post Oak Road there were pastures filled with cattle. In the Post Oak area there was a large farm owned by a family named Bertani. One of my

sweetest memories of summertime was our many trips to the Bertani Farms. Mamma loved everything at Bertani Farms. Most of all, she loved their tomatoes. Every day in the summer she ate sliced, ripe, juicy tomato slices with a little mayonnaise for lunch.

When I was a young girl, I spent hours playing with two girls in our neighborhood, Mary Jane Frank and Patty Houston. We loved to play “jacks” and paper dolls. I also had a doll house with beautiful wooden furniture. We loved to play with the little people in the doll house.

We loved to play outside because there was no air conditioning. We also went roller skating on the sidewalk in our neighborhood. I have two very vivid memories of the invention of an air conditioner and a television. Both of these things really changed our way of life.

Entertainment

I remember that the first people on our block to get a television were some neighbors named the Haslers. They invited Dana and me to come to their house at 6:30 on Friday night and watch a 30-minute program called The Lone Ranger. It was WONDERFUL. Before the invention of television, everyone listened to the radio. I remember there was a serial called Sky King. That program had an offer of a Sky King ring. I guess we mailed in 50 cents, so I could have a ring. Where the stone fit in the ring, one could lift up the “stone” and put written messages inside. You shut the stone, and you had a secret hiding place. It was wonderful.

The Fun Club was an exciting event that took place every Saturday morning. Daddy took us to the movie theater. He dropped us off about 8:45. Each of us had to pay 9 cents to go inside. The Fun Club began with Walt Disney Cartoons, Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Pluto, etc. There must have been five or six cartoons, maybe more. Then we watched a part of a Cowboy movie. The popular three cowboys of that time were: The Lone Ranger, Hop-a-long Cassidy and Roy Rogers. (When you see only the first part of a movie it was called a serial. You had to come back the next Saturday to see the last part of the movie.) Dana and I went to the Fun Club together. We sometimes saw some of our friends. They might sit with us, but Dana and I always sat together.

Childhood trips to Galveston

We went to Galveston when Dana and I were young.

My Mamma and Daddy took us to Galveston. Going to the beach, building sand castles splashing in the waves were all fun, but our favorite thing to do was ride the Merry-Go-Round. It was so big. There were rows of wooden horses on poles that went up and down. In our row there were five horses. They were wooden and beautifully painted. They actually seemed to run. The Merry-Go-Round would go around three or four times. When it stopped, there was a horse in each row who had his head out in front of all the other horses. This lucky rider got a free ticket to the next ride. The Merry-Go-Round was our favorite thing in Galveston.

I remember vividly our daddy was reading the paper one morning. He told us they were tearing down the Merry-Go-Round. Dana and I were sick. We both cried and cried. For us, Galveston lost its charm.

One place we loved to see was the Bishop’s Palace. The Bishop was a leader in the Catholic Church. All the priests and churches in a certain area answered to the Bishop of that Diocese. At one time the Bishop lived in this fabulous home. The Bishop now lives in a more modest home. The Bishop’s Palace

is a tourist attraction. I seem to remember we bought tickets, and there was a tour guide. It was a beautiful elegant home.

Swimming

As Dana and I grew older, we took swimming lessons at Shakespeare's Swim Club. Then our parents joined Shakespeare's Swim Club. Monday through Friday Dana and I would get up early, 7:30 a.m. and go to swim practice. On Saturdays, we all drove to other pools to have Swim Meets. One Swim Group that had nice facilities was the Dad's Club in Spring Branch. After our first summer of Swim Meets, it became apparent that Dana was a champion swimmer; and I was not, so my career as a competitive swimmer ended.

Dana continued winning all events he entered, and I was very proud of him. He won so many medals and ribbons. He continued swimming at Lamar High School, and his collection of medals grew even larger. He was given a scholarship to Texas Tech as a member of Tech's Swim Team.

Dance

My parents had a nice living, but I am certain there wasn't much money left over at the end of the month. I will never understand how my parents had enough money for dance lessons, but they sacrificed so I could go. When I was six or seven Mamma wanted me to take ballet and dancing lessons. First, I took dancing lessons from Ladelle Ogburn in the Village. Later I took lessons at EmmaMae Horn Dance Studio on South Main Street. Emmamae was a very beautiful, graceful lady that was our teacher. I took lessons in ballet once a week after school. We wore black leotards and pink ballet shoes. I loved going to dance class. (Tommy Tune was her most famous pupil.)

Every spring we had a recital; it was so exciting. The recitals were held in the Music Hall downtown. There were girls of all ages and each girl performed twice. I know all the daddies dreaded going to those recitals. I think they lasted about 2 1/2 hours.

We had elaborate and expensive dance costumes. The parents had to buy two. I particularly remember the year we performed "The Little Match Girl." I was chosen to play "The Little Match Girl." I was dressed in thin, drab cotton clothes, and I had no shoes or coat. I was selling books of matches. It was snowing and no one would buy my matches. I vividly remember the part of the performance where I lit a match to try to get warm. In just a few minutes, I leaned up against the nearby building and "died" in the snow. I could hear many mothers in the audience crying.

Another year we had Cow Costumes, and we danced the Cow-Cow Boogie. We had tan leotards with dark brown "spots" on them. We had horns and tails. The costumes really were cute. I remember I always wore my dance costumes on Halloween. I loved going Trick or Treating and filling my paper sack with candy from all the neighbors.

Brownies and Girl Scouts

Another wonderful thing in my childhood was membership in Brownies and Girl Scouts. In Brownies we wore little brown dresses and brown felt beanies on our heads. I think we wore them to school on the days of our meetings. We always had fun in Brownies, and we always had refreshments.

I grew up and became a Girl Scout. I remember vividly earning badges, and mother sewing them on a badge sash. I was a Brownie and a Girl Scout until I went to high school.

Hard Life Lessons

Dana and I had a very happy childhood. Our parents worked very hard to pass their beliefs to us. They taught us the Ten Commandments with a few added "rules." I remember that we were taught to never lie, to be courteous, to be industrious and to never disobey our parents.

Once I said something sassy or impudent to my mom. This was one of the rare times I remember her raising her voice and getting angry at me. She said, "I'll be John Brown if I let you talk to me like that. Sit here until I come back."

All across the back of the lot of our house on Plumb Street, there was a tall hedge. She went back there and cut off a thin branch. Then she ran her hand down the branch and removed the leaves and made a switch. Momma came back in the house. She called me to come to the bathroom. She sat on the bathtub. I had to bend over her knees and she switched me four or five times. I was crying and begging her stop. She ignored my pleas and gave me a whipping. That was my first and last whipping. Believe me. I never was sassy to her again. The rest of my life I obeyed my parents without question.

Daddy taught me a valuable lesson about not stealing. There was a grocery store in the village where our parents liked to shop. One Saturday morning, I went with my daddy to Henke & Pilot Store. I went over to the candy counter to look around while Daddy went to buy something else. There was a lady at the cash register. Something took her attention away from the register. While she was busy, I picked up a package of lifesavers and put them in my pocket. I never intended to pay for them. Daddy came to get me and said, "Let's go."

We left the store and drove home. When we got home and got out of the car, Daddy saw the bulge in my pocket.

He said, "What do you have in your pocket?"

I took out candy and gave it to him.

He said, "Did you buy this candy?"

"No."

"Then how did you get it?"

"I stole it."

"Come with me this minute. We are going to the grocery store, and you will talk to the lady at the cash register. You go in your room and open your bank and get two quarters. Then we will go back to the grocery store."

He took me and the lifesavers back to the store. My Daddy made me go up to the lady at the cash register and apologize for stealing the candy. My Daddy paid for the lifesavers, and we gave the candy back to the cashier. I cried all the way home. Then I was sent to my room to think about what I had done. It left a lasting impression

Do you think I ever stole anything again? “NO. NO. NO.”

West University Elementary

My parents sent me to a private kindergarten called Mrs. Martins. How did they find the money for that? I also attended Mrs. Martins for First Grade. At the end of first grade, Mamma and Daddy decided I should go to public school, so I entered West University Elementary in the second grade. At that time, it was possible to start school in January. You were called a mid-termer. I can still recall how miserable I felt when Mamma walked me into that big school, West University Elementary. My mother took me to the principal’s office and enrolled me in school. The principal, Mrs. Schumate, said my teacher would be Mrs. Clark. She took me to Mrs. Clark’s room and asked Mrs. Clark to come to the door and meet her new student. Mrs. Clark greeted us warmly. She asked how I would go home. My mother said in a car. Mrs. Clark took me by the hand and took me in her classroom. She introduced me to the class and told me where to sit.

I thought Mrs. Clark was beautiful. She had dark brown hair that she wore in a bun at the back of her neck. When I think about her, I can “see” her all dressed up in a black suit and wearing black low heels. She also had a gold pin she wore on her jacket.

We started right to work. Mrs. Clark asked a girl that was near me to sit by me. I was to watch her, and she would help me follow along on my first day. Before the school day ended, I knew Mrs. Clark was very strict. Also, I realized I would have to pay attention and work very hard.

We started every day with the Opening Exercises:

1. We stood beside our desks and together we said the Lord’s Prayer.
2. Then we said the Pledge of Allegiance.
3. Our teacher would ask if anyone could explain a word or phrase from the Lord’s Prayer or the Pledge of Allegiance. Example: “trespasses.” (There are many difficult words in the Lord’s Prayer.)
4. All the teachers emphasized being kind and considerate to our teachers, other adults and our classmates.

When Mrs. Clark saw a student behaving correctly, she would praise that student in front of the class. This made everyone try to be recognized for good behavior. I vividly remember one episode that took place in Mrs. Clark’s room. One day she announced that she had to leave the classroom for a while. She told us to stay in our seats and do all our work. Her last sentence was, “Do not leave your seat.”

She left and everyone obeyed her words at first, but after about 15 minutes, people started finishing their work and got out of their seats and talked to their neighbor. I was indeed one the “culprits.” Some boys decided to get up and run around the classroom. All this running and laughing was going on when Mrs. Clark returned, and she was very mad. She gave us a lecture about “minding the teacher,” then she said, “Everyone who got up and ran around the room, line up at my desk.” She pulled out a wooden writing board from the front of her desk. We formed a line and waited for our punishment. She got out a 12-inch ruler. When it was my turn, she asked for one hand, palm up. She put my hand in hers, and gave me two pops with a ruler. It HURT, but it didn’t draw blood. Needless to say, the next time Mrs. Clark left us alone in the classroom, no one got up out of their desk.

Other vivid recollections of my year in her room were reading from a book called “Run with Dick and Jane,” and drawing Indians and teepees on manila paper.

My third-grade teacher was Mrs. Russell. I remember her as being very young and lovely. I also can recall playing kick ball on the playground and having our class in the shacks.

My fourth-grade teacher was one I really loved, Mrs. Rector. The teachers always collected for the paper drives. Our class won many paper drives that year, and we won two prints of famous paintings. One was called Blue Boy by Gainsborough and the other was called The Pink Lady and it was by Thomas Lawrence. We were all so proud of our famous paintings.

Another vivid memory in Mrs. Rector’s class was the Christmas party. The parents had collected money and, as a class, we bought Mrs. Rector a light blue sweater with long sleeves. My mamma must have had something to do with getting the money and purchasing the sweater, because I knew what was in the box. There were several other presents on her desk, besides the class gift. There was another box the same shape and size as the box with the class gift. Mrs. Rector opened the smaller gifts first. Then there were only the two gifts that looked exactly alike.

Mrs. Rector decided to save the class present for last. The other gift was from Mike Estes. His dad was a doctor, so Mike could afford to give her a gift all by himself. Mrs. Rector unwrapped Mike’s gift. I felt like crying when Mrs. Rector pulled back the tissue paper to reveal a light blue sweater with long sleeves.

Mrs. Rector, of course, unwrapped the class gift. We were all dreadfully disappointed that she had two blue sweaters. She was very gracious and said it better to have two instead of one.

At that same party, we had refreshments. One of the mothers had fixed divinity. I had never tasted it before, and I loved it. I ate so many pieces it made me sick at my stomach.

Another 4th grade memory was of a teacher named Mrs. Pagoda. She had a reputation for being mean. None of the parents wanted their child put in Mrs. Pagoda’s class. My parents were so happy I had been put in Mrs. Rector’s class.

In 5th grade I had a teacher named Mrs. Holman. She was a wonderful teacher who had four children of her own. One of her sons was a dwarf. It always upset me to see him. I felt so sorry for Billy and Mrs. Holman.

In the 6th grade I had Mrs. Hillis. One of my greatest memories from the sixth grade is a class project we did. My Mamma and Daddy both helped. We had to build a replica of an Eskimo and his surroundings. We built an igloo. We used a small doll and dressed it in animal skins for the Eskimo. We then needed snow. We bought salt and poured it all around on a cookie sheet. It took a lot of salt to cover the sheet. When we tried to pick it up, it was HEAVY. I couldn’t carry it by myself. The day it was due, Mamma and I carried it together. We made an A on our project!

I loved going to school at West University Elementary, and I loved all my teachers and classmates. All through elementary school, I had the same children in my class. We all became very good friends. I can still remember a lot of their names. There were three boys that all the girls liked: Mike Estes, Richard Browning and Richard Bass.

Recess was so much fun. We played games outside on the playground. We played kickball, softball, Red Rover and jump rope. We also had a large area with swings, sliding boards, see-saws, trapezes and jungle gyms. More fun for everyone. Our playground was very large and it had mostly dirt, very little grass. We thought it was wonderful.

I believe we had recess in the morning and in the afternoon. I am guessing about the time, because I don't remember. I think each recess was 20 or 25 minutes long. (The playground equipment was for the use of first and second grade only). Another thing I remember is the school cafeteria. It seemed very large to me. There was a lunch line for those who bought their lunch. The children who brought their lunches from home went to the lunch tables right away.

My mother always made my lunch, so I had plenty of time to eat. Mamma packed me a sandwich, peanut butter, tuna fish salad or Vienna Sausage. I had a small package of Fritos and a graham cracker or a few Vanilla Wafers. I had a thermos with a cup of milk. I remember the prices of Fritos. A small package cost 5 cents. A large package cost 19 cents.

In elementary we had one teacher all day long and she taught us every subject. I remember some of our subjects were reading, math, spelling, handwriting (printing) science and social studies.

I remember everyone in our class wore nice clothes for children. T-shirts with colorful pictures did not exist. All t-shirts were white. Boys wore blue jeans and shirts. Girls wore dresses or skirts and blouses. None of us wore jewelry or decorations in our hair except ribbons. I don't remember about everyone's shoes. I wore brown oxfords with brown shoe laces. Every day I wore white socks, and I turned down the tops of my socks.

When I was born, I had curls. I saw pictures of myself at age 2 and I had blond curls. As I grew my hair straightened. My mother put my hair in 2 braids every morning, and they almost touched my shoulders. My hair was a little fine and very straight.

I remember well finishing at West University Elementary. I had a wonderful experience in elementary school I was sad to leave and go to Pershing Junior High. To be in school as a 7th grader was a scary thought.

Pershing Junior High

In 7th grade, I went to Pershing Junior High. The students in Pershing Junior High were split into two groups. Half would go to Bellaire High School and half would go to Lamar High School. I imagine we were split according to our addresses.

Mamma was in a carpool for Junior High. Carolyn Williams, Sara McGowen and Mildred McDaniel were in our carpool. There must have been one more child, because Mamma took carpool only once a week. I do remember that we lived a good distance from Pershing Junior High, however, traffic was not a problem.

I was put in the homeroom of a poor dear lady named Martha Fornell. She was a music teacher, and she didn't seem to know how to control the boys. Her class was in the shacks. There were some bad boys in our homeroom, and they gave her a fit. Poor Mrs. Fornell. As I remember the shacks had windows but no screens. When Mrs. Fornell turned her back, the boys would jump out the windows, run around and walk in the door. Luckily for Mrs. Fornell, the homeroom period was short. Two of the bad boys were

Curry Snowden and Eddie Thurston. To maintain order, Mrs. Fornell would play chords on the piano and tell us to sit down and be quiet. I really felt sorry for her.

One other vivid memory of junior high was having the chicken pox in the 7th grade. I was plenty upset because I had to miss three weeks of school. I would call and get my assignments every night. I had a lady named Mrs. Rose for Social Studies. She was very strict and mean. Everyone was terrified of her.

For the weeks I missed her class, we were making a notebook about the United States. I can remember making the book at home. I cut pictures out of magazines to paste in my notebook. I thought it was a beautiful notebook. I was sure Mrs. Rose would be proud of me for keeping up in her class. On my first day back, I went to her and gave her my notebook. She took it away and said nothing. I was very disappointed. I felt so sure she would say something about it. I can still see Mrs. Rose. She was very small. She always had on beautiful clothes. She wore high heels that clicked as she walked around the room. She never smiled. No one spoke a word in her room. Everyone was scared of her. We all did our best to be good and do exactly what she said.

I remember the principal so clearly. Our principal was Mr. Ratliff. Our assistant principal was Mr. Denson. Mr. Denson was in charge of discipline. He had a kind face. However, he was very stern and strict. If you had to go to see Mr. Denson, you were sure to get “pops.” For the most part, Mr. Denson saw only boys. The girls usually behaved.

The Pershing mascot was a Panda. It was an unwritten law that every Friday one dressed in red and white to show support for our football team. I remember that my Mamma made me a red jumper. I made many heads of pandas out of white felt for her to sew on the jumper. I made a big panda head for the bib. I made smaller pandas for the bottom of the skirt. Mamma attached pandas using snaps. That way she could remove the white felt pandas to wash the jumper. I wore a plain white blouse under my jumper. I loved wearing my jumper and looked forward to Fridays.

I have a few memories of going to the football games. I think I went to a few games that were played at Pershing.

My best friend in Junior High was Janet Willis. She had not gone to West University Elementary. Some of my other friends were Nancy Smith, Barbara Carlisle, Kay Clack and Zoe Zedler. I have stayed in touch with Janet, Nancy and Kay through all these years.

I finished grades 7, 8 and 9 at Pershing. Then our classes split apart. Some of the 9th graders went to Bellaire High School. The rest went to Lamar High School. On the last day of junior high all the girls cried and cried, because we wouldn't be together in high school.

During all my years in school, my parents were determined to make our school days happy. They did a great job of that. I never even ate in the cafeteria. My mother always made me a lunch. I carried it to school in a small paper sack.

Mamma made me a sandwich. It was usually peanut butter and honey mixed together on Vienna sausage. I don't ever remember eating lunch meat. She always packed a small bag of Fritos or potato chips. I also remember having a couple of cookies. In the 1950's there were only two kinds of chips, Fritos corn chips and Lay's potato chips. I loved Fritos best. And I still do. Now there are so many kinds of chips. They take up a whole aisle in the grocery store. Mamma used to make homemade cookies a

lot. She made oatmeal, tea cakes and brownies. Dana and I loved them all. I will include her recipes at the end of my story.

Boys in Junior High

I had a heart throb in Junior High. His name was King Hadley. I remember every year we got directories from school. It was a tradition to get people to write in your directory. King signed my directory, "To my favorite girl! King." I treasured those words in my heart. I read them all the time.

I had many phone calls from King. He would call, say, "Hellow Anne." He would pause and finally say, "This is King." I always recognized his voice, and I was so thrilled to hear those words.

King was in the 9th grade, when I was in 7th. He had a little group of friends who ran around together. Butch Baynes lived on Georgetown Street, the next street over from Plumb. Ben Lanford lived on University Blvd., a few blocks from Plumb. King lived in Bellaire. Donnie Eastwood lived in Bellaire too.

These boys would gather at someone's house and each invite a girl to come over for a party. We would just sit around and visit. Sometimes we would play records and dance. King often asked me to go as his date. I was so excited to be his date. Sometimes King would invite me to go to a movie. We would double date or go by ourselves. Then after the movie we might go to Howard Johnson's Restaurant and buy ice cream.

Sometimes in Junior High, I would go to a dance with some of my friends. I remember going one time to a dance with Carolyn Williams. We were all dressed up and stood against the wall. I learned what it felt like to be a "wallflower."

I thought the time would never go by. I think we must have stayed at the dance for at least three hours. When my parents finally came to pick me up, I dissolved into tears and said I would never ever go to a dance without an escort again. It was a terrible experience. Of course, I felt that there must be something wrong with me.

Parents Rules on Dating

My parents had lots of rules about dating. They had to meet the boy. They told him to have me home by a certain time. They wanted me to go someplace where there would be lots of other people. Good advice!

I went through adolescences having boys I liked. However, my mother had rules about my behavior concerning boys.

1. You never call a boy on the telephone. Never.
2. Kiss a boy you really like once or twice, then come in the house.
3. You may talk to a boy on the phone no longer than 15 minutes (we only had one telephone).
4. Dress modestly always (I remember a fad that came along in junior high. A group of girls would go to the movies. We would wear tennis shoes, blue jeans and our daddy's dress shirt. We didn't tuck in the shirt. We thought we were cool.)
5. Don't wear earrings except to a dance.
6. My daddy's special rule: never ever smoke a cigarette. (I don't remember the punishment-maybe you will be grounded for a year.)

When I was in high school and college smoking was cool. When the scientists and doctors discovered how smoking affects your lungs, smoking was stupid.

Lamar High School

I went to Lamar High School. It was at the end of River Oaks Boulevard. People used to say River Oaks Boulevard was the only street in Houston with a country club at both ends. (River Oaks Country Club is on the north end and Lamar High School is on the south end.)

Many of the students in Lamar came from some of the wealthiest families in Houston. I remember how beautiful the girls were. They spent unlimited amounts of money on clothes, and they were very pretty and smart. It was tough being a girl from West University place and not from River Oaks.

One of the great memories of my days in high school was that of going to formal dances. Parents of the boys and girls were able to rent the River Oaks Country Club or the Houston Club or one of the many exclusive country clubs in Houston for a party.

Proper attire for boys was a dark suit, long-sleeved white shirt, dark shoes and socks and a tie. Proper attire for girls was a formal gown that almost touched the floor. The formal gown was almost always made of net. They were absolutely gorgeous dresses. They stood out because they fit over a hoop skirt.

My mother knew a dear lady, Mrs. Kettler, who could sew evening dresses. She lived a long way from Plumb Street. Mamma would set up a time for us to go take material to Mrs. Kettler. We would drive to her house. She was always making evening gowns. We would get to her house and find her sewing machine running over with net ruffles.

Mrs. Kettler would measure me, take the material, and we would go home. The next time we went, the dress would be a work in progress. I would slip it on, and she would put in pins to be sure it fit. The next time we went, the dress would be finished. I remember that the skirts were long and there were ruffles all over them. Net ruffles make a very light, airy effect. I don't know what Mamma paid for Mrs. Kettler to sew an evening dress. She didn't even need a pattern, and she would create the most exquisite gowns. I remember feeling that my evening dress was the most beautiful one "at the ball."

I remember all my net evening gowns. They were so lovely. I remember one in pink net. There was one made of white net. I also had one made of light blue net. I wore a lavender net one in the May Fete Court. You can't imagine how beautiful they were. When I wore one of Mrs. Kettler's gowns, I felt like a princess.

You always went with a young man to the dance. I don't remember how I got a date, but all the girls needed escorts. These country club dances were really something. Usually there was a live band. Sometimes there was a disc jockey. We drank soda, water or punch. Back in the 1950's the legal drinking age for alcohol was 21. The country club made sure there was no alcohol brought into the buildings.

The food included all kinds of sandwiches, chips, and dips, and two or three kinds of cookies, brownies and nuts. And the most beautiful of all was a two or three-layer cake with wonderful icing. It was usually decorated with flowers made of icing. The food was fabulous because it was prepared by trained chefs.

When I went to those dances, I thought I was watching a movie. Nothing seemed real. For me to be dancing at an exclusive country club felt impossible. I thought it was wonderful of those parents to have

such fancy parties and invite everyone. We all loved the country club, the music, the delicious food and we all loved dancing to live music.

Believe it or not, different groups of parents had these fabulous parties, one or two times a year. They were great, and I loved wearing one of my net formals. Such generous parents made hundreds of teenagers very happy.

Average Day in high school.

When I got home from school, I got a small snack.

By 3:30 I was doing my homework. I stopped a few minutes ahead of dinnertime, so I could set the table for Momma.

Our mother always made wonderful meals. We had meat, two vegetables, occasionally a salad, and a plain dessert (like Jello, a few Vanilla wafers or a small bowl of Borden's Vanilla Ice cream.)

After dinner I went back to finish my homework. If I had finished most of my homework before dinner, I would help my momma wash and dry the dishes and put them in the cabinets.

Graduation

In January of 1959, I graduated from Lamar High School. I was called a mid-termer. (Once I entered elementary school in January, I always started each new grade January 1). My class was relatively small for Lamar. I was one out of about 100 midterm graduates. The spring classes that graduated from Lamar in May had about 400-500 in them.

We had our Baccalaureate Service at Bethany Christian Church next door to Lamar. Our Commencement Ceremony was held in Lamar Auditorium. I remember we wore sky blue graduation gowns with accents in red. We walked across the stage and received our diploma from the principal, Woodrow Watts.

I was the graduate with the third best grades, so I received a \$100.00 scholarship. My parents urged me to use the money to buy something special. I saved it for years. I finally used it to buy a painting of white roses from an artist named Gaydell Baynes.

Since I had graduated in January, I did not go to college right away. I waited until the fall of 1959. For the spring semester of 59, I attended Southwestern Business University in downtown Houston. I took typing and speed writing. I am thankful my parents let me go to the business school. I learned to type, and everyone needs to know how to type. The speedwriting helped me with note taking in college.

I also want to mention that in January 1959, Alaska joined the Union. Before Alaska and Hawaii were added to the US, there were 48 states. As a little girl I remember going in Souvenir Shops. Everything for sale said, "Texas Biggest and Best. I do remember the day Alaska was made a state, I cried. Now that Alaska was the biggest state, our beloved slogan "Texas Biggest and Best" died.

Girl Scouts and Camp Arnold Girl Scout Camp

As a Girl Scout, I went to Camp Arnold outside of a small town named Conroe. When I went to Camp Arnold, I stayed two weeks.

The girls were put in units according to age. My first campsite was called the Kickapoos. I vividly remember getting my clothes all ready to go. We had a list of essentials like a flashlight, a mosquito net, sheets, towels and all the necessary personal items.

We stayed in canvas tents with the flaps rolled up. We slept on cots. Many nights it was sultry, and there was no breeze. There were wooden poles securely fastened to the four legs of the cot. We hung mosquito netting over the four poles, so we wouldn't be eaten alive by mosquitos. (The poles extended about three feet above the cot.) Then we closed the nets and fell asleep as only the young are able to do. During the day we wore insect repellent.

We ate most of our meals in a mess hall made of logs. We went swimming in the beautiful swimming pool. We built campfires and cooked. We learned how to row a boat and paddle a canoe. We also had lots of cook-outs. I can still remember building a fire and making S'mores. A S'More was a wonderful dessert prepared over the campfire. First you got a whole graham cracker and broke it in half so you had a top and a bottom. Then you took half of the 5 cent Hershey Bar and put it on top of one graham cracker. Next you took a marshmallow and roasted it over the fire. If you didn't leave it in the fire too long, it turned golden brown and it got very soft inside. When the marshmallow was ready, you put it on top of the Hershey Bar and put the other graham cracker on top. You mashed it all together, and it was DIVINE!

We had a latrine and an outdoor shower with cold water only. Because it was so hot, we always looked forward to our cold showers.

I remember hiking, sitting and singing on the steps that led up to the dining hall and going to the infirmary. I thought the counselors were wonderful. I think they must have been college-aged girls. They knew how to do everything. I remember going star gazing on the spillway. Conroe was a small town with few lights. That made the sky very dark and just right for star gazing.

When I was 16 years old, I went to Camp Arnold as a CIT (Counselor in Training). I went for a month; we spent one week of my three-week session taking a canoe trip down the San Jacinto River. We had to carry all our food, jungle hammocks and clothes with us. What an adventure. We took everything we needed to camp for three days. We would beach our canoes about 3:30 pm. Our first job was to put up our jungle hammocks by tying each end to a fairly large tree. There were more lines to hold up the roof. We tied these to other nearby trees.

I certainly remember the first time I put up a jungle hammock. I lashed one end to a big sturdy tree. I lashed the other end to a rather small tree. When I climbed in my hammock, the small tree bent over until the bottom of my hammock hit the ground. Needless to say, I found two big trees when I put it up a second time. Sleeping in a jungle hammock would be impossible most of the time. But we were so tired from steering and paddling a canoe, we slept.

We camped out on a sandbar with lots of big trees behind it. After we put up our hammocks, we went to gather kindling and large pieces of dead wood to make a campfire. We brought cans of food and several large pots. We cooked our food on the campfire. We brought as many food items as we could that needed no refrigeration. The counselors must have brought two or three ice chests filled with gallon bottles of water. For lunch we ate peanut butter and honey sandwiches and fruit. Before we left

every campsite, we had to clean up everything like Indians did. All of us went back to Camp Arnold feeling very proud of ourselves and totally worn out.

The director of the camp met us at a designated place. She had a trailer that was built to hold 6 canoes and a lot of our other gear. Another counselor brought her station wagon, so we had plenty of room for everyone and everything. Because we went on the canoe trip, we were designated as Counselors in Training.

Mitre Peak Girl Scout Camp

The summer after I graduated from Lamar, I decided to get a job. I was now 18, and old enough to be a camp counselor. The Director of Mitre Peak Girl Scout Camp wrote me. She said Judge Hunter Metcalfe and his wife had mailed her a letter of recommendation for me. The director sent me a standard application to fill out. I filled it out and sent it back. She wrote back and said, "With all your experience, you are hired."

Hunter Metcalfe and his wife were parents of Fletcher Croom. Fletcher and P.B. Croom were friends of my parents. Hunter Metcalfe graduated from college and University of Texas Law School. He and his wife went to Georgetown, and he opened a law office. He began to have lung trouble. He saw several doctors. They all prescribed medicines, but he steadily grew worse. The last doctor told him he needed to move to a town in the area around Big Bend National Park to a mountainous climate. He and his family moved to Marfa. He became a Judge and lived to be an old man. Hunter Goodwin, my son, is named after him.

When I first got a job as a counselor, I talked about all the money I would make and then spend to go to college. My Daddy and Mamma made no comment. They told me I should pay the price of the round-trip train ticket from Houston to Alpine. They said this was part of the "the price" of having a summer job, and I should pay it. I agreed.

Mitre Peak Girl Scout Camp is located in West Texas between two small towns, Alpine and Fort Davis. The only transportation from Houston to Alpine available was the train. It was a twelve-hour trip. My salary for 2 ½ months was going to be \$110 dollars, so my Dad told me he would advance me the money to buy a round-trip ticket to Alpine. The round-trip ticket cost \$90.00.

Mamma and Daddy put me on a train in Houston, and I rode all the way to Alpine. I enjoyed the trip to Alpine so much. The farther west we went, the landscape changed. I began to see the hills and then tall mountains. For many miles all I saw was very, very tall mountains. The conductor came through the car saying, "Next stop, Alpine."

I started to get excited. The train began to slow down. Finally, it stopped. The porter got my suitcases and put them on the walkway beside the train. I heard someone call, "Anne!" It was the Camp Director, Daphne. She gave me a big hug and said, "I'm so glad I have you on our staff. I can't wait to show you Camp Mitre Peak. You are going to have a great summer with us."

I was glad to see the camp, and I met about half of the staff members who had already arrived. I could see that many of the girls had been counselors before. They greeted each other warmly. I didn't know a soul. I felt very left out. I was most unhappy. Camp was to open the following Sunday in the early afternoon. We had a week of training.

On the last Saturday morning of training, we were assigned to our group of girls. In each group there was one tent for two counselors. There were two large tents for the campers. In each tent there were four girls. Each counselor got her clothes (in suitcases) in her tent, made her bed and cleaned the tents for the girls. In order to make a good first impression, the campsite had to be spotless.

The mess hall was not “open for business,” so Camp Director Daphne bought what we needed for lunch. It was something simple like Campfire Stew and green salad and water. After lunch Daphne said we were going to Alpine and see a movie. Most of the girls were old enough to drive. Some had driven to camp in a car. Daphne and several older girls volunteered to drive, so we made a caravan driving to Alpine.

I was very engrossed in the movie, and I forgot about being so unhappy. When the movie ended, and I remembered my misery, I was ready to call my parents and ask if I could come home. I never made the phone call, thank goodness. The following day the campers began to arrive. I got busy being a counselor, and I felt very much a part of the camp. It turned out to be one of my most memorable summers.

The weather in Alpine, Marfa, Fort Davis and Big Bend National Park was fabulous. During the day it was hot, but there was no humidity. At night it got very cool. Everyone in camp had a blanket. When the first campers checked in, we all ate in the mess hall. But we also did a lot of cooking on a campfire. We made big pots of chicken stew, green chili stew, and campfire stew. We always made a green salad and ate warmed tortillas. We made a big pot of mild chili. Then we roasted wieners in foil. We wrapped the buns and warmed them at the edge of the fire. We grated cheese. Presto! Hot Dogs Divine.

During the day, we sometimes played baseball. We also went on treasure hunts. The counselors drew elaborate maps that led to “treasure.” The campers followed our maps. Every night one age group of campers built a campfire. All the campers and counselors would sit around it and sang camp songs. The stars were huge and so bright. There were so many, and they were so welcome along with the beautiful moon. Every night I would gaze at the sky and thank God for my wonderful summer at Mitre Park Girl Scout Camp.

Before I went to camp, the director sent all the counselors a list of things to bring. You aren’t going to believe me, but besides a Girl Scout knife, I was told to bring a machete, belt and machete sheath. I couldn’t imagine why I needed a machete. When I arrived, I was told we needed them to kill rattlesnakes. What a surprise!

Near the end of camp, a rattlesnake appeared in our campsite. At the beginning of the camp we were given a long snake stick. One end had a “V” shape. I placed the V end behind the snake’s head. Then with several blows with my machete, I cut off the rattlesnake’s head. I didn’t feel good about killing the snake.

In the middle of August, after the last of the campers had gone home, we spent a few days getting everything in order. (The camp would be used for retreats in the fall and spring.) As a reward for our successful summer camp, the Camp Director took the entire counseling staff to Big Bend National Park for a long weekend.

We slept in rock cabins instead of tents right in the Big Bend National Park Headquarters. The main lodge was fabulous. It had the reservations desk, the kitchen, and the main dining room. The food was

very good. The dining room had a very high ceiling and one wall of the dining room had panes of glass from four feet above the floor to the ceiling. That wall of glass looked right out on the mountains. It was so beautiful.

We searched for Indian arrowheads. We went on a horseback ride. When I got off my horse, I broke my big toe on my right foot. There is nothing a doctor can do. It had to heal by itself. (Right now, I am 72 and that big toe has calcium all over the bone. It leans to the right and wants to cover the second toe. I wear a gel toe separator to keep the big toes from getting on the second toe. Lesson: Don't break your big toe!)

Our weekend in Big Bend was so wonderful. Big Bend National Park is close to the Rio Grande River. The river was a mile or so from the lodge. One day we all hiked to the Rio Grande River. Some boys that had worked at the camp came with us to the park. The river was very low, so we all waded across the Rio Grande River into Mexico, so we could all say we had been to Mexico. Such fun!

After we had such a wonderful three days together, we returned to Camp Mitre Peak. It was time to close the camp. After buckets of tears, we all went home. The Camp Director took me to the train station in Alpine, and I began the long trip home. I cried a lot of tears listening to the clackety clack of the train wheels. The train was taking me away from Alpine, Fort Davis, Marfa and Big Bend National Park. I was going back to Houston. In about a month, I had to leave Houston and go to Lubbock. I was going to Texas Tech.

I learned many lessons at camp, but the most valuable lesson was the value of money. At the end of camp, I received a nice check for my work all summer of \$110.00. When I came home, I had to pay Daddy back for the train ticket, so, all I earned from my "big salary" was \$20.00. (My Daddy said it hurt him to take the money, but it was "for my good.") He was RIGHT. I learned that money is hard to make. Be careful now you spend it!!

This summer of 1960 was one of the best summers of my life.

College years at Texas Tech-Freshman Year

God bless my parents for saving money to pay for college at Texas Tech. They somehow saved up \$8,000 which paid for four years at Texas Tech. The \$8,000 paid the tuition, books and fees for four years. There were two other big expenses: the sorority and transportation from Houston to Lubbock and Lubbock to Houston.

Before school started, I had signed up to go through Rush at Texas Tech. This is the process you go through to try and join a sorority. Mrs. Kettler made me four dresses; one to wear to each party. The dresses were fantastic. I remember the last period parties and the gorgeous dress I wore to the Kappa Alpha Theta and Pi Beta Phi parties.

It was a beautiful beige dress. It had very simple lines, and I had a cummerbund that was dark brown with beige dots. Mrs. Kettler made a matching three quarter length coat, and it was lined with the same material that was in the cummerbund. I wore dark brown suede heels.

In late August my parents drove me to Lubbock to start college. We had packed so many things. I took Mamma's big trunk with me. That trunk went by truck to Lubbock ahead of me. I had suitcases, a

makeup kit, hat boxes, clothes on coat hangers, a hair dryer and a drying rack. I can't imagine how we got all that in a car plus the four Weavers.

Daddy and Dana and I carried all that baggage upstairs to a room in Drane Hall. When it was time for my parents to go, I felt petrified. Here I was 750 miles from home. My parents were going to Houston. I was going to be left in Lubbock without my knowing anyone. I was taking potluck on a roommate. She had not arrived yet. All of a sudden Daddy said, "Let's go." We shared last minute hugs. Before I could stop them, they walked out and closed the door. I threw myself on the bare mattress and dissolved into tears. I cried for a little while. Finally, I stopped crying and was determined to make the best of things. My roommate eventually arrived; she was a girl from Fort Worth named Linda.

My mother knew quite a few ladies who had been in different sororities, so I was fortunate to have many recommendations. That gave me a distinct advantage going through Rush. I had recommendations for every sorority on campus. (I didn't realize how important it was to have a recommendation. As I learned later without a "rec" one was invited to the first round of parties and then she was "cut" and not invited back.)

My roommate, Linda, also went through Rush. She evidently had no "recs." After the second round of parties, she was not invited back to any of the parties. That meant her Rush was over. She would not be invited to join any group. I remember how she cried. I felt really bad for her. I think she must not have known about the importance of a rec. Perhaps she didn't have any. Without a "rec", you were sure to be cut.

I remember at the end of every round or parties, I had invitations for every sorority. With the completion of each round, both the rushees and the sorority had to become more selective. When invitations came for the last party, there were only two. I had chosen Pi Beta Phi and Kappa Alpha Theta. Both had beautiful parties. After these parties, the rushee had to put the two sororities in order of preference. I wrote Pi Beta Phi as first choice and Kappa Alpha Theta as second choice. The bids were handed out the next day. I was chosen as a future member of Pi Beta Phi.

During Rush I enjoyed myself a lot. The girls I met were anxious to make a good impression. They had previously studied the recs of each girl. They knew about the rushees, and it was easy for them to talk to each girl. Of course, the rushees were trying to make a good impression, so everyone put their "best foot forward."

One the day that the bids were given, many girls were shrieking and screaming and crying for joy. Many girls were also crying because they received no bid.

I was one of the 30 girls chosen by Pi Beta Phi. I was overjoyed as it was my first choice. It was considered the best sorority at Texas Tech. One nice thing about being in a sorority was you had a group of potential friends right away. You got to know the 29 other girls in your pledge class very well.

(As I became active and saw rush from the side of the members, I didn't like it. It hurt me to see the girls get cut. The whole system is built on exclusion. It gives rise to haughty, condescending girls who think their membership in a sorority makes them just a little better than everyone else. So, as an active, I didn't like the sessions after each party. The rush chairman would read off the name of a girl. The members put their heads down, closed their eyes and either raised their hands to "cut" or kept their hand down which meant invite the girl to the next party.)

My time spent at Texas Tech was a wonderful experience. I really thought I had died and gone to heaven.

My freshman year is easy for me to recall. I rode the train from Lubbock to Houston for my first visit home on Thanksgiving. Texas Tech was in the Panhandle. It was a 12 hour ride each way. I typically came home for Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Break. The ride either way was all night. There were such things as sleeping cars called Pullman cars. I usually rode in chair cars because it was more fun.

During my first year at Texas Tech, I was very homesick. I was so anxious to go home at Thanksgiving. My family was waiting for me at the train station. Of course, they had no idea what to expect. I got off the train and started crying. Daddy and Dana got my suitcase, and we walked to the parking lot. I told my poor parents I hated Texas Tech and I wasn't going back. My first roommate, Linda, had left after two months. Over half the girls in the pledge class were from Lubbock. They naturally formed a clique, and the rest of us felt we were very left out. I hadn't met any boys nor had even one date. Texas Tech was a bad choice, and I wasn't going back.

My sainted Daddy said, "We have paid for you to go for one year, so you are going back and finish the year." Thanksgiving was so nice. Mamma cooked a turkey and dressing feast with sweet potatoes, green beans and cranberries and pecan pie. Everything was so delicious.

The weekend flew by, and I knew I had to go back on the train to Lubbock. I boarded the train at about 5PM. My family waited for the train to leave. They went toward the parking lot. I was crying and so was my precious mother. I got on the train and went back. Women are such emotional creatures. It is no wonder men don't understand us.

It was usually about three weeks between Thanksgiving holiday and the beginning of the Christmas holiday. When I went back to Texas Tech, things began to improve and come together. I began to feel like I belonged. I began to feel a part of the pledge class. The girls in my Pledge Class were more accepting and inclusive of me. A boy I thought was cute called and asked me to go out. I began to hang around with some girls from Houston that had gone to Lamar and graduated in May.

There were events called Mixers. The Pi Phis and DGs would get together for a dance. There were many sororities and fraternities at Texas Tech. We would get together at Mixers and this was a great way for guys and girls to meet. I had such a wonderful time. I dated lots of different boys. I went to fraternity socials, dances and parties.

I am sure my parents dreaded my visit at home in December. When I got off the train in Houston for the Christmas break, my family all came to meet me at the train station. I got off the train and announced, "I love Texas Tech! I can't wait to go back!"

I know my parents wondered what had changed my mind. A simple thing. A couple of guys had asked me out. And I had begun to feel like I was a part of Pi Phi. I fell in love with Texas Tech and never ever regretted my decision to go there.

The only "fly in the ointment" was that at mid-semester of my first year, my grades were two C's, one B and one F. My F was in American History. I was so upset. I decided to talk to my history professor, Mr. Dillon. I cried and asked him what I needed to do to bring my grades up. He was very kind and made suggestions.

As I remember it, at the end of our spring semester we were initiated into our sorority. Our Pi Beta Phi pledge class went through a ceremony called Presentation. Pi Phi rented the Student Union Ballroom. Each new member walked down a long aisle with her dad. The rest of the sorority members and all the mothers clapped. When this part was over, we enjoyed cake, cookies and punch. It was a happy time, and I felt so thankful for my parents.

I thought then at the wisdom of my daddy in saying I couldn't quit until the end of the first year. I'm absolutely sure that no one should give up on a new situation until a year has gone by.

General Impressions of Texas Tech

In 1959, Texas Tech only had a student body of 9,000. As colleges go, that is small. Tech was the college "for most of the children in the Panhandle and West Texas." I was very happy with the type of people that went to Tech. They were mostly from small towns. I met people from little towns like Post, Spur and Tahoka. It seems to me that all the students were very friendly and down to earth. Many of the guys wore blue jeans and western shirts and cowboy boots to class. I want to point out that most girl students had no car. Among the guys, most drove old cars or old pick-up trucks.

I guess the friendliness was such a part of the Tech campus because in those parts of Texas, it is a long distance to the next town. Your nearest neighbors were several miles away. When you had the opportunity to visit your neighbors, you didn't stand back. You wanted to hug them and have plenty of conversation.

I loved Tech because everyone you met on campus said, "Hello." Even when I was a freshman and had to wear a green beanie all the time, the students were still friendly and outgoing.

After the snobbish actions of some of the River Oaks kids at Lamar, Tech was a wonderful change. I made friends that I have kept for a lifetime. I found out how to study and take on the harder curriculums of college. I was able to keep my grades high and thankfully did not ever get another mid-term grade report of two C's, one B and one F.

I spent many hours in "the stacks" at the library studying. The library had three floors below the ground. Down among the shelves were nice big desks tops with chairs and lights. They were called study carrells. I loved to study in a carrell because it was so quiet. It was impossible to study in the dormitory.

I studied a lot and my end of semester grade reports were mostly A's with 1 or 2 B's.

Junior Year at Tech

My junior year was the most significant of my four years. One of the greatest thrills of my junior year at Tech was when I was "tapped" for Mortar Board.

Chapters of Mortar Board were founded in colleges and universities all across the United States. To be tapped for Mortar Board was the highest honor for a woman in any college or university. The ceremony was held in the Spring. Mortar Board was made up of Senior Women who had a high grade point average (3.5 out of 4.0) These women had contributed to the college or university in other ways as well.

When it was time for Mortar Board to announce the new members, everyone knew about it. These Senior women wore black caps and gowns. They would start singing the Mortar Board song about twenty feet away from the next girl to be "tapped" for Mortar Board. As they sang the beautiful song, it

echoed off the walls and ceilings. Often girls were tapped in a classroom. You could hear the singing long before the girls went into a certain class. They would enter the classroom and walk all around singing. Everyone got very still and listened. The last girl in the line held a large black collar. When the last girl in line came alongside the girl to be tapped, the line stopped. The collar was dropped over the head onto the shoulders of the one chosen. When that happened, everyone clapped and cheered. The one that had been tapped joined all the Mortar Boards. The singing never stopped. The song continued down the hall. The line of singing girls went to “tap” girls all over campus.

I was eating lunch in my dorm, Weeks Hall, when everyone heard the singing. As it came closer, everything got quiet. When the procession entered the dining hall, everyone watched to see who would be tapped. The line of singing girls came in the lunch room and walked near where I was sitting. The line stopped. The singing continued. I felt the voices behind me. The girl slipped the collar over my head onto my shoulders. Of course, there were lots of girls in the dining hall. It was a wonderful place to be tapped. I got up and left with the group as we went to another location in the cafeteria. We continued our journey.

It was such a thrill to be a part of the Mortar Board. All the new members were tapped in the spring of their junior year. Your membership lasted only that one year.

I want to write the words to the beautiful song.

“We Mortar Boards receive you with welcome hearts and hands.
To represent the noble aims for which our college stands.
and this we charge what’er befalls
Respond to Alma Mater’s call.
Be ever loyal, true and strong as future Mortar Boards.”

Being chosen as a member of Mortar Board was one of the most exciting events of my life.

Story of Don

During the spring of my junior year, I met a tall good-looking guy named Don Gene Rucker. I don’t remember how we met. He was in SAE fraternity. We began to date on a regular basis. I fell head over heels in love with him. His family lived in Lubbock, so I got to know all of them. Don was 20 or 21 years old. He had an older brother named Ben. He had an older sister named Sue. Don was the third child and was much taller than anyone else in the family. Don’s Dad was a surveyor. They lived in a small new home not far from the campus. Don drove an old green and tan car. He had gone to Lubbock High School. He had been a star basketball player there.

I want to mention a very sweet custom that existed among the fraternities at Texas Tech. A boy could ask a girl to wear the “drop” of his fraternity. Usually it meant, “We belong together.” At the end of the spring, Don gave me a “drop.” A drop was a small insignia of the boy’s fraternity. It was worn on a chain around the neck.

I had to go home to Houston in May. Don had to stay and work in the summer. We parted and made an agreement that he would come to Houston and meet my parents.

One of the best men I ever knew was O.D. McCallum. His daughter was Orlean. Another dear friend of mine was Betsy Baker. The three of us all lived in Houston. McCallum agreed to pick up his daughter, Orlean, Betsy and I with all our bags and drive us from Lubbock to Houston for the summer. Poor man! That meant he had had to drive, make bathroom stops and feed three talkative girls for 12 hours. Mr. McCallum has a special place in heaven.

About two weeks after I got home, the telephone rang one Sunday afternoon. My parents were in their bedroom sleeping. I answered the phone. A young girl's voice said, "May I speak with your mother?" I said, "She is asleep. If you will give me your name and phone number, I will tell her to call you. "

The voice said, "Anne, this is Louise Rucker. I am married to Ben, Don's brother. Don and Jim Boyd were killed in a car wreck. They were going to a lake to go fishing. A car filled with drunk men hit them head on. I'm so sorry. I know you loved Don."

No one in the other car died.

I hung up the phone and started screaming and crying. My poor parents had been sleeping in their bedroom. From the sound of my voice, they knew something terrible had happened. My mother came in first. I told her what happened. She held me in her arms and let me cry and cry. Louise didn't tell me anything about the arrangements for the funeral. We waited until the next day to find out about the funeral, etc. Then Louis told us everything.

I desperately wanted to go to Don's funeral. The funeral was in two days. That afternoon Daddy serviced the car. The three of us packed a few clothes and went to bed early. Poor Daddy was facing an all-day trip to Lubbock with his daughter crying all the way. We got up and left in the coolness of the morning. As we started leaving our house, I began to cry. We stopped about 11:00 am for lunch. I stopped crying long enough to eat. When I got back in the car, I cried the rest of the way back to Lubbock. We checked into the Plainsmen Hotel, ate dinner and went to bed. The next morning, we got up early and ate breakfast.

The funeral was in the First Baptist Church in downtown Lubbock at 10:00 a.m. The Rucker's attended that church forever. Even though it was summer, there was a large crowd. The casket was at the back of the church. It was still open. When I looked at Don for the last time, it was a nightmare. He was so young and so handsome. We sat in some empty seats in the church. Mrs. Rucker saw us. She sent Ben to say we should come up and sit with the family. We did. I thought that was such a kind thing for Don's family to do.

After the service, we went to the Lubbock cemetery. The preacher said the words committing Don's body to the ground. The service ended and everyone walked back to their cars. I felt so much pain for Don's family. The Ruckers and the Weavers hugged one last time. Then everyone went their separate ways. Daddy and Mamma started the long trip back to Houston. I am happy to say my parents didn't have to listen to me cry on the trip back to Houston.

We stopped to eat about 2:00 pm and drove the rest of the way back to Houston. Under normal circumstances, we only went out to eat one time ever year. (It was always on November 17th, my mother's birthday, and we went to Albritton's Cafeteria.) I thank you, Mother and Daddy for taking me to Lubbock and back, so I could go to Don Rucker's funeral. You made huge sacrifices to do that.

I knew there was nothing I could do to ease the Rucker's pain. However, I decided I'd keep in touch with them by letters. I'd send cards on special days like Valentine's Day, Easter, etc. I told them about teaching school, getting married, moving to Bellville, the births of Amy and Hunter. We (Obeda, his mom, and I) wrote letters back and forth for many years. Mr. Rucker died. Mrs. Rucker and I kept writing until she died.

Senior Year at Texas Tech

Near the end of August, I went back to Texas Tech for my senior year.

The year began with Rush. I participated in Rush, but it didn't seem very important. I lived all four years at Tech in a dormitory. I lived in a freshman dorm, Drane Hall. My last three years, I lived in an upperclassman dorm, Weeks Hall.

I was a member of the Women's Residence Council. Each Women's Dorm had a member on this council; and we helped set dorm policy. One policy that was in place all my four years at Tech was: "Blue jeans could be worn on Saturday only." Another rule was no Obvious Display of Affection (ODA) on the walkway to the front of the dorm. I was elected President of the Women's Residence Council.

In September or October an army of workers started putting up hundreds of strings of lights on the outside of every building on the Tech campus. (At the time I was enrolled at Tech, the student population was 9K.) The campus was not gigantic. You didn't need a car to get around. After Thanksgiving was over, classes resumed on Monday. On the Wednesday evening after that Monday, a beautiful tradition happened. I was introduced as the President of the Women's Residence Council. It was my job to throw the switches that turned on the Christmas lights. My performance was to hold a black box. When the President of the University said, "Turn on the lights," this was a signal to electricians located all over the campus to turn on the lights in their area. They all burned brightly and the campus became a Magic Kingdom. I gave a speech!

Woman of the Year

Very near the end of every year at Texas Tech, there was Woman's Day. All the women wore white as the symbol of the purity of womanhood. Needless to say, this was before Women's Liberation. I don't remember how candidates were chosen, but my name was on the ballot for Woman of the Year. All the women that went to Texas Tech were supposed to vote and choose:

1 Faculty Woman of the Year

2. Student Woman of the Year

There was a Woman's Day Banquet. When everyone had finished eating, the two winners were announced.

1. Dr. Brewer was Faculty Woman of Year
2. Anne Weaver was Student Woman of the Year (I knew my sisters in Pi Phi had worked hard to get me elected.)

Graduation

I graduated in June, 1963 with a B.S. in Elementary Education. My sweet parents and Dana came to the graduation. small town.

Post-Graduation

Now that I had my teaching credentials and had come back to Houston, I needed roommates, an apartment and a job.

Problem one was solved by roommates Betsy Baker and Pat Purcell.

Problem two was solved by us renting a two-bedroom two bath apartment on Cummins Lane near the Summit

Problem three: I interviewed with Houston ISD. They offered me a job for \$4500 a year. I interviewed with Spring Branch ISD. They offered me a job for \$4608. I accepted the job with Spring Branch. My assignment at Landrum Junior High was teaching 6th grade "block". I taught reading, spelling, English and Social Studies to two different classes. I taught at Landrum Junior High for three wonderful years.

I want to talk about Pat, Betsy and Anne living together in our apartment. Betsy and I shared a bedroom and both of us taught school. Our room was a mess because we both had stacks of papers on the floor. These stacks were in two groups (Papers graded, papers not graded). Pat had the bedroom by herself. She was a computer programmer for Texaco. She never brought anything home and her room was very neat. She made twice or three times as much money as a school teacher.

We decided to set up a schedule for the necessary chores for one week. One person was the cook for a whole week. This meant you had to plan five dinner meals. You made a list of everything you had to buy to make the five meals. Then you had to go to the store and buy everything on the list, take it home and put it away. The other two girls had to set the table and clean the dirty dishes.

This worked well during the week. Next we had a schedule for cleaning the apartment on Saturday. One person dusted and vacuumed the apartment, the second person cleaned both bathrooms. The third person mopped the kitchen and both bathrooms.

We did just fine on the cooking. However, the cleaning never got done. Saturday was our only day to do errands, so the apartment never got cleaned.

We solved our problem. Pat's mom had a maid named Olivia. Pat begged Olivia to come clean our apartment once a week. Olivia said, "Yes." We were overjoyed.

The three of us were happy together.

The main accomplishments for Betsy and me were that we learned to cook. Pat had grown up in a house with five children, and she knew how to do everything. She was a wonderful cook. On our first Thanksgiving in the apartment, Pat fixed a complete Thanksgiving dinner for us the week before Thanksgiving. Betsy and I couldn't boil water.

Betsy and I had some funny episodes in our attempts to make a meal.

The one story they always told on me was the spaghetti story. I made meat sauce in a big pot. In a separate pot I put on the water to boil, so I could cook the spaghetti. The spaghetti cooked, and I was trying to pour the water out of the pot. All of a sudden, the entire contents of the pot knocked the lid off and the spaghetti went down the into the garbage disposal. No one was watching me cook, so I decided to take the spaghetti out of the disposal and serve it. I got it out, poured it in a big bowl. Then I poured the meat sauce on top. I set it on the counter between the kitchen and the dining area. The counter had a gentle slope toward the dining area. To my dismay, when I set it on the counter, it slipped right off and that bowl of spaghetti and meat sauce splattered on the wall, on the furniture and all over the carpet. What a disaster!

Some brand-new apartments went up on the street behind Cummins Lane. The three of us wanted to live in a brand-new apartment, so we moved to Timmons Lane. While I was living there, I met a boy named Kleber Denny.

Meeting Bob Goodwin

I don't remember how I met Kleber Denny. He called me one night and asked if I would like to go to church with him next Sunday. I said, "Yes." He said, "I'll pick you up at 10:15." I got dressed that Sunday.

My parents had lots of rules about my dating. One I was often reminded to follow was: "You never call a boy on the telephone." I was ready by 10:15. Kleber finally called at 12:15. He told me he had overslept. He asked if we could try again for the next Sunday. I said, "Of course."

We agreed to go to church that next Sunday, so we did. Kleber came right on time. We walked down to his car. Kleber opened the car door for me to get in. Kleber got in and said, "Anne Weaver, this is Bobby Goodwin." We drove to a very large church on South Main. I believe it was First Presbyterian. We were late, so the usher took us to seats behind the choir.

I am afraid I did not get much out of church. I was too busy thinking about the nice young man who had joined us. After church, the three of us went to the Weldon Cafeteria for lunch. While we were eating, I had the opportunity to visit with the good-looking young man. I found out that he was a lawyer and had one time lived in the apartment where Kleber lived. He had moved out, because living with Kleber, Jimmy Chambers, Bill Moore and Lee Hensley was like living in the zoo. Bob had moved into the Briarwood Apartments by himself.

I felt drawn to Bobby Goodwin. He was so nice and so funny. I thought to myself, "I wish he would ask me to go out."

We drove to my apartment. We said, "Goodbye." Kleber walked me to my apartment. When I went back to my apartment, I felt guilty that I was so interested in Bobby Goodwin. I remember I wish he would call me and ask me out. However, I didn't expect that to happen, so I just put it aside and tried not to think about it. Bobby was so nice. He was very attentive and considerate.

I thought about Bobby Goodwin. A couple of weeks passed and finally I gave up on ever hearing from Bobby Goodwin.

One evening the phone rang, and Pat Angel said, "Anne, telephone call for you." I went to the phone and a deep voice said, "Anne, this is Bobby Goodwin. Would you like to go to a movie on Saturday night?" I was afraid to answer. "Of course," I said, "Yes."

It is strange, but I didn't know where Bob worked or anything else about him. On that first date, we played "twenty questions." I found out Bobby worked in the legal department at Shell Oil Company. Every Monday he drove to the Southern Border of Texas and worked at getting oil leases for Shell Oil Company. He drove home every weekend. One thing that puzzled me was he drove a very old Volkswagen. It was a real "junker." Later, I found out why.

Bob was a huge football star at Milby High School in Houston. He was heavily recruited by many colleges in state and out of state. Texas had a new coach named Darrell Royal. Some assistant coach came to Houston and Bobby signed a Letter of Intent to play football at the University of Texas. Bobby got a complete scholarship for four years. Everything was paid for. Bob's first year his position coach was teaching the blockers to use their head and butt block to stop players on the opposing team.

After one of the first games in his sophomore season, Bob was put in the hospital. The orthopedic surgeon examined his neck. He said, "Son, you are finished with football."

If Bob couldn't play football, he lost his scholarship. When he got out of the hospital, he turned in all his gear. A few days later Bob went to see Darrell Royal. He said, "Would you let me help coach the freshmen team for the next four years and let me keep my scholarship? I will do my best for you. You know I'll give one hundred percent. I will do whatever you tell me to." Darrell Royal let him keep his scholarship and coach the freshmen.

Bobby graduated from UT in four years. He wanted to go to law school at UT. The only way he could go was to take out many student loans. Law school took three years, so he had a lot of debt when he got out of Law School.

When Bob told me his sad tale, I felt sad and sorry for him. But I also admired his determination and perseverance to spend seven long years at UT even though he had student loans to pay back.

We started going out on the weekends. Bob was a lawyer with Shell Oil Company. He had to spend every week in Rio Grande City. He was doing title examinations for Shell Oil. He called me sometimes from Rio Grande City just to talk. I was teaching at Landrum Junior High during this time. Bob would drive all the way from Rio Grande City, so we could go out on the weekends.

I can't remember exactly about what we did. I do remember Bobby taking me to several really nice restaurants. Once we ate at the Green Parrot. That was a mansion in the area of McGregor Park. It had the most wonderful food served family style. The specialty of the house was fried chicken. The desserts were homemade cobblers. Another beautiful restaurant Bob took me to was Vargas. It was at the corner of Fondren and Westheimer. This was in a beautiful setting. All across the back of the restaurant was a huge plate of glass windows. Outside the windows was a magnificent garden. The food was served family style and it was heavenly.

There was another famous restaurant out at the end of Westheimer. It was a steak house called Bud Bigelow's. This had a wonderful dimly lit expensive feel to it. It promised the best steaks in Houston. We also had dinner at Sonny Look's Steakhouse near the end of South Main Street. Sonny was a wealthy

host who gave a lot of money to his competitors in the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo. He would often buy the grand champion steer for thousands of dollars.

We went to a very posh restaurant in the Westheimer area called Black Angus. As the name suggests, it was a steakhouse. I can't remember us going to the movies, etc. I am sure we did. One weekend Bob bought me an airline ticket from Houston to Corpus Christi. I flew on Friday. Bob picked me up at the airport. We checked into a beautiful hotel on the beach in my own room. Bob had a flower arrangement of 6 yellow roses in the room. Wow! That night we dined in a very elegant restaurant at one end of the beach. It was called Ship Ahoy. The specialty of the house was seafood. It was a beautiful place, and the food was outstanding. I don't remember much else about the weekend. It was nice weather, so I am sure we walked on the waterfront. I flew back to Houston on Sunday. I must admit by this time, I was very much, "In love."

Sometime during the courtship, I took a job supervising the help and the children of a wealthy couple that lived in River Oaks. Their last name was Schumacher. A distant cousin of mine had married Charles Schumacher. He was related to the Schumachers that asked me to help while they went to Italy. I met them at a wedding party for Janet Perdue and Charles Schumacher.

Somewhere in this same time period, I received a letter from an organization that selected teachers to go teach in American schools in other parts of the world. I had applied for one of these jobs, and the letter said I had been accepted to go to Scotland for a year. I hadn't even known Kleber Denny when I applied for the job. When I got the acceptance, I told Bob about it on the phone. He gave me a congratulations and that was the end of that. I had hoped he would say, "Don't go! Stay here and marry me." No such words were forthcoming. I hung up with a miserable letdown. In a little while Bob called back and said he didn't want me to go. I don't think he proposed over the phone, however, in a short time, he did propose and I accepted.

One evening Bob and I were talking about our future. I said, "What would you think of moving to a small town?"

Bob said, "It is amazing that you asked me that. Right after I got out of law school and passed the bar, I went to a Job Fair at U. T. I had an interview with a lawyer named Dan Hruska. He was looking for a young lawyer who would move to Bellville and help him. I declined his offer. But since you brought up a small town, I'll call him tomorrow. I'll see if he already got someone. If he says, "No," I'll go to Bellville and try to get that job."

(Bob had interviewed with Dan at the request of Chester Fulton at Fullbright, Jaworsky. Bob had originally interviewed with Fullbright, and Chester told Bob he ought to go to a small town. Chester said he knew a small-town lawyer who was looking for a young lawyer to help him.)

Bob called Dan back and asked if the job was still available. Mr. Hruska said, "Yes, when can you come?" Bob said, "I'll come to work on September 19, 1966."

We set our wedding date on September 3, 1966. We married in a family wedding in the Chapel of West University Methodist Church at 10 a.m. It was very different for anyone to have a family wedding, much less at 10:00 a.m. in the morning. The people of the wedding were Mamma, Daddy, Dana from the Weaver side. Mam-ma, Pap-pa, Tommy, Dena, Dena Kay and Lisa Lynn from the Goodwin's side. I wore a beautiful knee length dress of beige lace with beige shoes and a tiny beige hat. Bobby wore a black

suit. After our simple little wedding, we had a wedding breakfast at the Briar Club in Houston. We had first compote Eggs Benedict, grits and coffee. Bob had invited Jim Hard and Don Noble. I invited Atha Bundick Dimon, Betsy and Bob Altenburger and Pat Purcell. It was a small but treasured group that attended our wedding.

We went on a honeymoon to Corpus Christi and to Big Bend National Park. Poor Bob had no car. His Volkswagen convertible had a mishap on Memorial Drive. He was driving away from downtown to his apartment. One wheel came off and rolled up into someone's yard. Bob's car sat right in the middle of Memorial Drive during after work rush hour. He called me to come get him and I did.

Bob was paying off his law school debts and he had no money to buy a car. There was nothing for us to do but drive my unairconditioned blue Plymouth Valiant for our honeymoon. We had a week-long trip to Big Bend National Park and then to Bellville.

Dad and Dan Hruska

Bob went to work for Dan Hruska on September 19, 1966. Our opportunity to live in a small town was the very best thing that happened to either of us. Bellville is a wonderful town, and we will always marvel at our good fortune in living there. The people of Bellville were so accepting of Bob and me. People loved Bob and brought him their law business. Bob had an amazing personality. He could make people laugh and put them at ease. God worked everything out, so we could live in Bellville.

The third person in the office was the 18-year-old secretary Joy Seidel. She grew up in a German family with the last name Aschenbeck, so she was extremely capable and hard working.

Joy had a lot to do with Bob bringing in clients. Joy was a native of Austin County. Therefore, the local citizens were always asking her about "the new lawyer." She always gave a glowing report. Because of her testimony, people began to come to the law offices of Dan Hruska and ask for Bob.

Once he took the job, he asked Dan Hruska, "Do you have a suggestion as to where we could get an apartment or some other place we can live?" Dan and Edna looked everywhere to find us a place to live; there was nothing to rent. Dan said he talked to the people who owned the Bellville Motel. They would give us a weekly rental rate.

We still only had one car, my car a light blue, 4 door, small sedan, a Plymouth. Bob and I had a really little room and a double bed. Our beginnings in Bellville were humble. Bob nor I had any money. We lived in our first six weeks in the Bellville Motel. It was a small-town motel, and it was not a "ritzy" beginning. We rented our room for \$25.00 a week. Bob went to work, and I stayed in the motel room writing thank you notes for our wedding gifts. We ate our breakfast and lunch at the Mewis Café.

One day after we went Mewis Café to eat breakfast, at noon, Bob came back to the motel to get me to go eat lunch at Mewis Café, and he was upset. He had lost \$5.00 that was supposed to buy our lunch. I told Bob he should go ask Flora Winn and Nola McGower, the sisters that owned the Mewis Café. Bob said he would. He walked up to the counter, and asked if anyone had found a \$5.00 bill and turned it in. Flora said, "Yes, Boone Bradley turned it in." She gave it to him. We were overjoyed. Bob said he knew he had done the right thing to take a job in Bellville when he got his \$5.00 back.

We ate our evening meal with Dan and Edna Mae. Dan's wonderful wife cooked a fabulous dinner and every night until we found a rent house. She must have fed us 25 times. Can you even imagine that?

God Bless Dan and Edna Mae. Edna Mae was a wonderful cook. Edna Mae also introduced me to her mother, Mrs. Jennings and her sister, Irma Powers. Several times Edna Mae took me to visit Irma in Cleveland. I vividly remember that Jimmy Powers was a pharmacist. He came home every day for lunch. Irma was a great cook and she prepared wonderful dinner every day. My most vivid memory of Irma Powers and her fantastic dinners was that she made jalapeño cornbread. It was delicious. I am going to give you her recipe. I made it many times and it was wonderful. (I have many of Edna Mae's recipes.)

At some point in time, a lady named Jeniva Zapalac called and asked me to come for coffee. Jeniva was a sister of Billie Schneider. Billy and I were teachers at Landrum Junior High together. Before I left Landrum, I told Billie that Bob and I were moving to Bellville. Billie was so excited and said she would tell her sisters about our plans to move there. Jeniva picked me up on morning and took me to coffee. We went to Jeniva's house and several other ladies came to join us. Jeniva had two sisters that came. They were Avis Alexander and Erna Bell Schrader. Shirley Charpiot, Lessie Hargett, Jerry Hurta and Eleanor Harrison were also there. All of these "girls" were very nice and made me feel very welcome. This was the beginning of our life together in beautiful Bellville.

Finally, Bob came to the motel with the news that there was a house for us to rent. After six weeks of living in the Bellville Motel, a rent house was available. It was on the corner of West Hacienda and South Holland. The house was owned by Eleanor and Max Nehkorn. They agreed to rent us the two-bedroom house for \$55.00 a month. Our address was 1126 S. Holland. (At the time of this writing, this house is still there. This house was referred to as the Nohrkorn Rent House.)

Now here was the funny part, we had no furniture. And we had no money to buy any. Some lifelong friends of our family, Dr. George and Roselyn Perdue, had a lot of old furniture stored over their garage that they offered to us at an earlier time. We called and told the Perdues we finally had a rent house. They graciously said to come and get the furniture.

Bob rented a U-Haul and some strong men, and they carried the furniture down the stairs and loaded it in the trailer. Then with profuse thanks and appreciation, we drove to Bellville. I couldn't believe my 6-cylinder Plymouth could pull a loaded U-Haul trailer. Bob parked the trailer in the driveway of the rent house. We all worked to carry the furniture in the house. Bob and I went back to the Bellville Motel.

The next day Bob returned the trailer. He left work early. We drove to Schlieder's Furniture Store in Brenham and bought a king-sized bed. The following evening, we drove to Foley's at the edge of Houston and bought a mattress pad, sheets and pillows. So "presto" we had home furnishings.

The following day we moved into our first home. Our master bedroom was so small we didn't have room for any more furniture. Only the bed. The closets were small, so Bob kept his clothes in the "master bedroom." I kept my clothes in the guest bedroom. Bob had to wear a suit, white dress shirt and a tie to work every day. I stayed home and kept very busy cooking three meals a day. In a small town, most men go home for lunch. We had no washer or dryer, so I went to the laundromat to keep the clothes clean. Bob was making \$500 dollars a month. He still had to make monthly payments on his law school debts. We still had only one car.

After two or three years in our rent, the house next door was for sale. Bob somehow managed to come up with a down payment and we moved our belongings out of the rent house and into our first home.

Once we got in our rent house, we wanted to invite Dan and Edna Mae to eat dinner with us. We had limited funds, so Bob and I decided on waffles and orange juice, not realizing that Dan's chronic "gout" in the big toe was caused by ascorbic acid, heavily present in everything we served. Dan showed up in a suit and was very disgusted and short of patience. He immediately pulled the back off our plastic chairs and sat down on a cheap silver chair with silver rods poking him in the sides. We were all very nervous and quickly prepared our first waffle. Bob noticed that the plastic brush used to spread the butter on the waffle griddle had burned off to two inches. This meant the other four inches were melted on the griddle. Before Bob could warn me, I served up a beautiful, laminated waffle that butter couldn't penetrate. As Dan quickly ate the waffle and drank the OJ, you could see his big toes getting redder and bigger. We stared at his feet as both toes were cut out of his leather shoes so that there was no pressure on his painful and delicate toes. Our window AC was broken, so Dan and Edna were sweating and looking miserable on those chairs with the silver rods sticking out. We also cooked sausage links which went uneaten as Dan quickly made excuses to leave as his toes were aching and beginning to pound like neon lights. In the future they always had an excuse not to come over to our house.

Mam-ma's Cancer

A couple of months after our move Bellville, Bob's mother had to go to the hospital because her sinuses were horribly infected. Poor Mam-ma lived on nose spray and had Kleenex in her hands all the time. After her first hospital visit, it was determined that she had cancer in her sinuses. Her doctor sent her to M.D. Anderson Cancer and Tumor Institute in the Houston Medical Center. When a patient was lucky enough to get into M.D. Anderson, he had a doctor assigned to his case. The patient had no choice in the matter. Mam-ma was assigned to Dr. James Bardwell. Mam-ma had surgery. She was in the operating room for such a long time. Dr. Bardwell finally came to talk to the family. I was standing with Bob and his dad and we all heard Dr. Bardwell say, "I am afraid we were not successful. I kept cutting tissue until I came to the partition of the brain. With what I removed, I kept getting cancerous tissue. I am afraid she isn't going to survive long." I will never know if Dr. Bardwell told Mam-ma the things that he told us. I doubt he did. He had cut away all the soft tissue of her nose and her sinus cavity. The made her have a flat nose and a big sunken depression in her face just under her right eye. Bless her heart. She looked terribly deformed.

Dr. Bardwell ordered cobalt treatments and radiation. Mam-ma was dismissed from the hospital and she and Pap-pa had rented an apartment. Just before Mam-ma had her first visit to the doctor regarding her sinuses and nose, she and Pap-pa still had their house on Fir Street. They also had a bay house in a resort area called Bayou Vista. Mam-ma and Pap-pa went to Bayou Vista every weekend. Bob and I had been there many times, and we enjoyed it a lot.

Mam-ma was a superwoman in my book. She could whip out a meal for a houseful of people in no time. She loved having company and never seemed to mind cooking meals.

Mam-ma took her rounds of cobalt and radiation. She was so tough that she kept right on working as a secretary for the Houston ISD Administration. After each treatment, she pushed herself to go back to work, usually the next day. I never heard Mam-ma complain about her cancer. She was always upbeat and expected to get well. Mam-ma had great faith. She was a Bible-reading Baptist. Many people prayed for her. I think Mam-ma just had faith that God would make her well. Against all the dire predictions, God did heal her body. She was a walking miracle.

Mam-ma and Pap-pa sold their bay house in Bayou Vista and bought a trailer at Lake Sam Rayburn.

Story of Lucy

Almost the first thing we did when we moved to our first rent house on Holland was to buy a dog.

Bob and I both came from homes where a dog was part of the family. Needless to say, we couldn't pay much money. In an issue of the Bellville Times there was an ad. It said, "For Sale to a good home four mixed breed puppies." Mr. Whiteside, who owned one of the beautiful ranches near town had a female beagle that he bred to a male beagle. When the puppies were born, only one was a beagle. The other four were the offspring of a black and white male terrier. Mr. Whiteside kept the beagle puppy. Dorothy Menke got the four mixed-breed puppies. Everyone was anxious to get rid of the dogs that weren't purebred. Bob and I called Dorothy Menke and asked to come see the puppies. We chose an adorable black and white female and named her Lucy. We paid \$5.00 and brought home a black and white good-natured female. We named her Lucy. Since we were without children, we treated Lucy like a fine purebred dog. She never guessed that her parentage was questionable and that her father was a "traveling salesman." She was a dear and devoted companion. She lived to a ripe old age and saw new members of the household come to the scene.

We had Lucy for only a few months before we moved from the rent house to our very own home. Our house had a nice fenced backyard, so Lucy was very happy. Bob had the fence put up.

In later years, when Hunter was growing up, he didn't take a morning nap. When he was awake, he played with his toys and with our sweet dog, Lucy.

Hunter loved Lucy and would pull her tail and ears. When this happened, Lucy ran to safety. Amy gave Hunter lectures about how to play with Lucy. If Hunter kept being mean, Amy would ask me to put Lucy outside. I would do that. Hunter always wanted to play rough, and he always wanted to outside n the backyard.

Amy, Hunter and Lucy were happy playmates. Of course, there had to be a parent with them at all time to referee all the fights.

Story of Bob and Shirley

I first met Shirley Charpiot on the coffee hosted by Jeniva Zapalac. Shortly thereafter we met Shirley and Bob Charpiot, the couple.

They were so nice to us. Bob was one-half owner in Charpiot and Dunn. They were an engineering firm that worked for Humble Oil Company on a contract basis.

We really needed a second car. Bob Charpiot sold Bob Goodwin an old truck for fifty dollars. I was doing substitute teaching for ten dollars a day. I insisted that Bob drive my blue Plymouth Valiant to work. I would drive the truck. The truck had a stick shift, which I knew how to drive and made lots of noise.

We were developing a wonderful friendship with the Charpiots. Shirley and Bob were so generous and thoughtful. Shirley was calling up and asking us to come for a meal. She was a fabulous cook. I always copied her recipes, so I could cook an outstanding meal for Bob and Amy. We went out to dinner frequently. We learned so much about the people of Bellville.

Grandfather Weaver's death

Now I must tell you that my daddy got very sick in 1966. He coughed all the time

My mother finally convinced him to go see a doctor. Several weeks later, he was put in Methodist Hospital in Houston with a disease called Histoplasmosis. It came from breathing air contaminated with pigeon droppings. Daddy had smoked all his adult life. He smoked Camel Cigarettes. They had no filter. No one knew that it was dangerous. His lungs were damaged. My poor dear Daddy stayed in the hospital one year. (How things have changed. In 2013 when you have a baby, you stay 2 or 3 days. If you have surgery you leave in five or six).

The reason my Daddy was in Methodist Hospital for such a long time was because they gave him medicines normally prescribed for lung disease. These drugs did not cure him. The doctor came in his room and explained that the medicines had not helped him. Dr. Orey told Daddy there was one more thing they could try. It was in the experimental stages. It did not have the approval of the FDA. There were no guarantees of success. Daddy said, "Let's try it."

It was terribly hard on Daddy, so that he looked like a survivor of a German Concentration camp. Daddy always weighed about 150 pounds as an adult. The last time I saw him alive, he must have weighted under 100 pounds.

His doctor said they were stopping the treatment. He would let Daddy gain some weight. The he would let Daddy go home. It was a horrible experience for my Daddy.

My mother was working as a school counselor at this time. Just as soon as she left school, she went to Methodist Hospital to be with my daddy. She also spent a good part of every weekend with him. Daddy was finally released from Methodist Hospital. The nurses who had cared for him had a little party for him the day before he was to leave.

Once he moved home that left him at home by himself all day. My momma still had her counseling job. Some 2 to 3 months passed. One late afternoon, on February 19, 1968 the phone rang. Bob answered it. He said only a few words and hung up. He turned around and looked at me. He didn't say anything. I finally asked Bob what was wrong. He said, "Your Daddy is dead." I asked Bob what happened. He said "Your Daddy shot himself." I was horrified.

Daddy left no note, but I think he had a broken body and a broken spirit. He had spent a year in the hospital and he did not want to go back. I will never condemn my Daddy for his decision to end his life. Can you imagine being in the hospital for a year? Can you imagine taking the drugs that caused him to look like prisoner in a Nazi Concentration Camp? He went through so much suffering. The doctor said there was nothing else he could do to help my Daddy. I understand, dear Daddy.

Bob called Mother and said we would come and spend the night with her. Bob asked, "Do you want us to come?"

"Dana is coming too," Mamma said. She told Bob several friends had brought food. She felt there would be plenty.

The next day we went to the funeral home and made all the arrangements. The service was held at Settegast-Kopt Funeral Home on Westheimer Road, closest to our house. Daddy, I am now 72 years old. I'll be coming to be with you and Momma in the near future. I am certain anything Dana and I accomplished in life on earth was a direct result of the excellent jobs you both did of being our parents. You were THE BEST. God bless my Daddy. He always made the living and our mother stayed at home. Now that I am 72, I can really appreciate how heavy was the load you carried. You were a wonderful father. I LOVE YOU DADDY!

After Daddy died at the age of 57, our Mamma still lived in our home at 2923 Plumb Street in West University place in Houston.

Dana and I talked about what we would do about Mamma. We thought our house on Plumb was too big for her. She agreed and reminded us that upkeep on an old house is very expensive. Our next idea was to rent an apartment. We chose an apartment not far from the house on Plumb. It was in an area called Meyerland. Bob, Bob's parents and I moved the smaller things (wrapped in newspaper, packed in cardboard boxes). We packed sheets, towels, pots and pans, the vacuum cleaner, broom, dust pan, mops, books, etc. When we were moving some of the residents were curious about who was moving into her apartment. One elderly man came by walking his dog. No one was very friendly.

I think Momma had signed a six-month lease. We all regretted Momma moving there. Momma only took the essentials to her apartment. As soon as the six months passed, we planned to find a more suitable apartment or move her back to her home. During that time, we invited her to come to Bellville and stay 5 or 6 days at a time. She was a huge help with laundry and cooking. Bob and I enjoyed her visits.

Teaching in Bellville

After our first few months in Bellville, I was getting bored. All I did was stay at home and cook. I told Bob I thought I should sign up to be a substitute teacher. The Bellville School System was paying a fortune: \$10.00 a day.

I will always remember my first day as a substitute in 1966. I had to call roll. The names in Austin County tended to be German and Czech. When I came to someone with the last name of Mewis, I said "ME-Wis" (like a cat sounds.) Everybody laughed because it was pronounced "MAVIS." I had a boy in the class named Billy Kaliszewsky and one named Timothy Baranowski. I made attempts to pronounce both of those last names. I made a mess of them, and everyone had a good laugh.

In 1967, the following year, I started to teach at O'Bryant School. This school included grades 1-8. The district needed an English teacher in grades 6, 7 and 8. This English teacher would also help girls PE for two class period. I was an elementary education major, so I did not have the credentials to teach English. When the principal looked at my transcript, I had taken two English courses as electives. That gave me enough hours to teach the upper grades.

The schools in Bellville were so wonderful. Each class had about 60-90 students in them. By the time children got into sixth grade, they had been with the same class for five years. Everyone knew everyone else. I thought O'Bryant School was just beautiful. It had been built around a grassy courtyard. There were trees and beautiful green grass in the courtyard. Every teacher's room had windows from ceiling to floor. The windows along the bottom opened. Each room also had glass windows across the back of the

room. Because of all the windows, the rooms were well lit and cheery. I taught English 6th, 7th and 8th grade students. I also had my job helping the girls PE coach Marjorie Rochelle.

During my second year of teaching, 1968-1969 I found out that I was pregnant. Of course, in Bellville there were no secrets. My students knew about me “expecting” the same day I did. I finished the year and then packed up all my paraphernalia. I had “signed on” to be a “mother.” Back in the 1960’s people did not know ahead of time if the baby was a boy or a girl. I had a blessed, uneventful pregnancy. Bellville even had an obstetrician and gynecologist named Dr. Jesse Justiss and a wonderful hospital. I was able to get all my checkup right in town. My due date was September or October

Amy’s Birth and Infancy

Bob and I had been in Bellville for three years when Amy was born. I will always remember that when I saw Amy for the first time, she looked just like Bob. Strangely enough, the second time I saw her, she resembled me.

Amy’s arrival was celebrated like royalty. We had so many lovely gifts in honor of her arrival. We were given enough clothes to outfit three or four babies. I remember the day Amy and I came home. My mother had up to stay with us and to help us with the new baby. I knew nothing about taking care of a baby. We were thankful to have help. Once we were home from the hospital, it became apparent that Amy wasn’t just going to eat and sleep. She cried non-stop all day and night. My Mamma went home and Bob and I were left to fend for ourselves. Actually, I was left to care for this baby as Bob went off to work.

Dr. Justiss recommended that we go to see Dr. Conkling in Navasota, as he was a pediatrician. We began to go see him on regular basis. All this time Amy cried non-stop. She cried all day and that was hard. She might sleep a few minutes, but then she would wake up and cry some more. The worst of it was it was that she cried all night. Bob nor I could hold up night after night being sleepless. Finally, we had the good fortune to find Mrs. Oscar Pfeffer. She agreed to come to our house and care for our screaming baby. At the end of the month, we were all just about crazy.

I will always remember we had lots of company. I really can remember when Connie Poffenburger brought Mrs. T.L. Smith and they came to visit us. Connie is such a sweet person. She came in and said, “Your baby is a blessing from the Lord.” I am sure I agreed, but believe me, Amy was not a blessing. Far from it.

We kept going to see Dr. Conkling. We changed formulas several times. We even had her drink goat’s milk. I finally pleaded and cried for help. Dr. Conkling said there was still one last baby formula to try. It was made from bananas. It was called Provana. Dr. Conkling also gave us a prescription for Demarol in drops. He told us to give Amy four or five drops before bedtime. That would help with the sleeping problem. Now, I realize Amy was lactose intolerant, but back then they just called it colic.

Dr. Conkling was such a dear man, and he had so many patients. Having an appointment with him was an all-day affair. It was a 45-minute drive from Bellville to Navasota. After we go to his office, we usually had a long wait, maybe two hours until he came in the exam room. Dr. Conkling was in a practice by himself. He was often called out of the office for an emergency, but we waited patiently for him to see us. Because he had helped us with Amy, I thought he had hung the moon and stars. I was a typical new mother. I took my job very seriously and tried hard to do everything right.

Mamma and Pappa's Trailer in Sam Rayburn-1970

Remember I told you that Mam-ma and Pap-pa loved to fish? In the summer of 1970, they bought a trailer on Lake Sam Rayburn in East Texas. They went there every weekend. Mam-ma still had her job with HISD Administration. Pap-pa still worked for Goodyear Tire. On Friday they drove to Lake Sam Ray. They drove home on Sunday. One weekend they invited use to come. Amy could crawl and sit up. Bob and I almost refused to come, because Amy was such a poor sleeper. Mam-ma said, "Please come. We will keep her so busy; she will sleep all night." Amy had the most amazing baby buggy. There was a way to remove the bed from the buggy. This was what we took for her bed. Pampers had just come on the market, so we packed Pampers, clothes and toys. We arrived in the late afternoon. Mam-ma cooked a wonderful meal. I helped clean up. Pap-pa and Bob took Amy outside and played hide-and-seek. She ran and laughed non-stop. About 8:30, Amy came in to take a bath and get ready for bed. I bathed her, gave her a bottle of Probana (Probana was a formula made from bananas) with three drops of "Wonder drug" and rocked her. She fell right to sleep.

I took a shower and went right to sleep. Bob and his parents stayed up visiting. Finally, everyone went to bed. At an unknown hour, Amy woke up and began to cry. When Amy kept crying, Bob said, "you take Amy and a clean diaper. I'll bring the bed and the toilet paper. We'll clean her up and ride around till she goes to sleep." We drove and drove the roads around Lake Livingston. Motion is a good sedative for a baby that can't sleep. It was very quiet in the back seat. We agreed to keep driving to be sure Amy was asleep. There was no sound from her in the back seat, not a sound. Finally, Bob said, "Look and see if she is asleep." Neither of us dared turn and around and look. To our horror, when we turned around and looked into the little bed, Amy was sitting straight up in the bed, wide awake. Soon it would be daylight, so we went back to the trailer. We put Amy in her bed, and she fell asleep. Bob and I went to sleep. About 10:00 a.m. Amy woke up. We fed her baby cereal and a bottle of Probana. Bob and I were exhausted. She was ready to play. Mam-ma fixed a big breakfast which we all enjoyed. It was a long drive from Lake Livingston to Bellville.

In 1971 Mam-ma and Pap-pa sold the trailer and bought a big house made of logs. It was beautiful and just as soon as everything was in order, we were invited to come for a weekend. Amy must have been two by that time, so we had a much better trip. She finally was able to sleep and be awake on a fairly normal schedule. Pap-pa and Bob took her "fishing" in the boat and she loved it. Mam-ma prepared the most wonderful meals. The weather was perfect, so Amy had a wonderful time. We all had so much fun.

Amy's First Birthday

I will always remember Amy's first birthday. Shirley knew a lady who could bake a three-dimensional cake in the shape of a lamb. Shirley said she would like to bring the cake. I told her I would get ice cream and paper goods. Bob and Shirley came over about 3:00 and knocked on our door. Amy could see Bob and Shirley through the window in the back door. She was dancing and jumping with excitement.

Bob said, "Come and sit down at the kitchen table. Cover your eyes with your hands. Promise not to peek. All of us will be at the table. When we say, "Happy Birthday," you can open your eyes." Amy covered her eyes and Bob Charpiot had his camera ready. We all said "Happy Birthday." Amy opened her eyes. She asked, "Is it real? I know what it is. It's a lamb. When baby Jesus was born, some lambs

stood near the manger. Thank you. Thank you. There is one candle because I am one. Mamma do you think we should eat it?"

"Yes, Amy, it is a birthday cake."

So we all had vanilla ice cream and birthday cake and Amy opened two presents. She was surrounded by all her favorite people. She had a happy birthday.

Amy as a toddler

Amy was a beautiful toddler exploring her world. Amy adored her dog Lucy. She loved to pet her. She loved to kiss her. She loved to read to her. She loved to take a nap on the floor by Lucy. She loved to go outside and chase Lucy. She loved to feed Lucy treats. She loved to tell Lucy secrets. She loved to sing songs to Lucy, so Lucy would take a nap. Needless to say, Lucy loved Amy.

When Amy finally got on a schedule, she took a nap from 1:30-3:00. I would try to take a short nap. Sometimes I would read a book on bringing up a healthy, happy baby. One afternoon I was sitting on the sofa reading. All of a sudden, I felt someone looking at me. Guess who had climbed out of the baby bed and silently walked into the living room? I laughed out loud.

"Amy how did you get out of your bed?"

Her reply was laughter.

Amy was becoming a really fun member of our household.

All these years since her birth, we had used Mrs. Pfeffer as our baby sitter. Amy adored "Pfeffie," and she never cried when Bob and I left.

Amy was crazy about her Daddy. They would get together on the floor and "rough house." Bob would tickle her and roll her over and over. She would scream and laugh and beg for more.

Bellville Home on South Oak

Bob and Shirley urged us to consider a larger home. They knew an architect who lived in Houston named Kelly Gaffney. He has drawn the plans for Bob and Shirley's house. He had drawn the plans for St. Episcopal Church in Bellville. I believe he did the plans for the Methodist Church. We called Kelly and explained we were friends of the Charpiots. Kelly agreed to drive to Bellville and talk about the house we wanted to build. Kelly came and wanted to see our lot. The lot was between the house of Charlie and Corinne Sander and the house of Dr. Jesse and Peggy Justiss. It was a huge lot. The front of the lot was even with the street. The back of the lot sloped gently down to the ditch just behind our property line.

Kelly had all kinds of ideas about how to build a 2-story house on our lot. He asked how fancy we wanted our home to be. Bob and I said in unison, "Not fancy." Bob said, 3 bedrooms and 2 baths upstairs. Downstairs: Living room, dining room, kitchen and bath and a two-car garage.

Bob said "please specify the type of lumber to be used in framing the house. I want everything you put in the house to be of good quality."

Kelly looked over at me and said, "What do you want, Anne?"

I replied lots of closets.

Kelly had to consider the slope of our lot when he drew our plans.

Several weeks passed and Kelly said a preliminary drawing was finished. He asked if he could bring it and show it to us. He put it on the table and we were pleased with everything. Bob asked, "Would it be possible to convert the garage into a playroom and have a carport added behind the playroom?"

Kelly thought that was a great idea that we would never regret. We have always been thankful we made that change.

The lot we wanted belonged to Corinne and Charlie Sander. Bob called Charlie and asked if he could come over one evening. Charlie was glad for Bob to come. Bob went to Charlie's house. He said, "Charlie, I have been told that you own the lot next door to your house. I wondered if you would be willing to sell it to me?"

Charlie said, "I am asking what I believe is a fair price." It is one of the last lots on South Oak Street. It has many large trees on it. It is in a desirable neighborhood. For all these reasons, I am asking \$2500.

Bob said, "I would like to buy your lot at your price." This is how Bob found a beautiful lot. Kelly redid part of the plans. The plans are still in our home.

Poor Bob went to First National Bank and borrowed \$45,000 on a 40-year mortgage. I was so proud of him. It never occurred to me that he was upset. Many years later I asked Bob how he felt when he borrowed \$45,000 to build our house. Bless his heart, he told me he never slept that night.

Poor thing he still had law school debts to pay off. And now he had to pay back \$45,000. He had a wife and a daughter to support. Soon he would have another child to support. Looking back, I don't know how he could face that much debt.

Now I must mention that we had already chosen Eddie Pilcik to be the contractor on our house. He lived in Industry and was the best contractor in Austin County. His reputation was excellent. He had a complete crew of subcontractors. All of them used high quality materials. Eddie could spot inferior materials a mile away, so his subcontractors used the best materials.

Bob went to the house three or four times every day. He was determined to keep his eyes open and watch for anything inferior. The workers came early in the morning and left at 4:30 in the afternoon. Bob went after the workers had gone home. He paid particular attention to the work that had been done that day. He really learned how to read the plans. Also, Bob was very generous with praise. He soon learned who did what in Eddie's crew. Bob complimented each man for his particular job. They appreciated his kind words.

We had so many cabinets in our house. The best cabinet man in Austin County was Mr. Macat, and he worked for Eddie. Our house is 46 years old and the only cabinet doors that needed to be replaced are those doors at my kitchen sink. All the others are perfect. The cabinets in the kitchen and living room were stained "golden tan." They are still in perfect condition. Most homes now have cabinets built in a factory. They are bought to the home and put in their home. I am sure they are inferior to the cabinets built on site.

Amy was 2 ½ years old, and she loved to look at the new house. The foundation was poured, when the cement was hard as a rock, she like to run on it. Then she asked her daddy if she could take her tricycle and ride on it. Fun. Fun!

I don't remember how long it took to build our house. I do remember we moved in October 9th and Hunter was born the next day. We had almost no furniture, so some rooms had nothing in them.

We all loved our new home. Hunter's intended room looked out on the front yard. Amy's bedroom looked out on the backyard. Both rooms had big closets. They shared a bathroom. There was a hall that led to the master bedroom. This bedroom had 2 big closets. There was a bathroom with a big tile shower. There was a vanity with two small sinks. There were mirrors over both sinks. There were lots of built-ins. There was a water heater near the children's bath. There was a cedar-lined closet upstairs next to the master bedroom.

Downstairs, our living room went from the front yard to the back yard. Because of the slope of our lot, you entered the front and stood on a landing. There were 7 stairs that went to the second floor, and there 7 stairs that went down to the first story, so a visitor walked down 7 stairs and was in our den/living room. We had a fireplace and a beautiful mantel above it. We had built-in bookshelves and cabinets with doors on both sides of the mantel. We had sliding glass doors that looked out on the patio and backyard.

We had a dining room that looked out on the front yard. It was a little bit small. Mamma and Pappa gave us a drop leaf table that could sit eight people. It had been their table before they gave it to us. They also gave us a China cabinet that matched the table. On the other wall we had my great-grandmother's antique china closet. It was filled with cut glass. You could walk from the dining room into the breakfast room. The kitchen was like a corridor. We had built-ins everywhere. We had an American Standard Sink in sunshine yellow. It had two large sinks in the middle was garbage disposal. The dishwasher and refrigerator were yellow. Oh, how I loved my kitchen.

In the breakfast room we had two leaves, so we could make the table larger. On the wall we had a New Tone radio. At one end were numbers to each bedroom, the living room, dining room and the play room. I could push the button to Amy's room and talk to her. As long as I held the button down, we could talk to each other. It was so much fun to wake Amy up.

When you left the breakfast room walking toward Dr. Justiss's house, you came to the downstairs. Both the washing machine and dryer and the hot water heater were there. Keep walking straight ahead and you are in the playroom. We all loved the playroom. All the toys were there. We got a second hand baby bed. When Hunter took his morning nap, he slept in the playroom. He took his afternoon nap in the playroom. At night he slept in the baby bed in his room upstairs. I can never tell you what a wonderful house we had. Bob and I grew up in very modest home. We thought we were living in a mansion. In our eyes, we felt it was perfect for our family. We were so thankful to have such a wonderful home.

Birth of Hunter

As the house progressed, I grew a tummy. Amy didn't understand why I was getting so fat. I told her that I needed to eat a little less of things like cake and cookies and ice cream. When I steadily continued to get larger, Amy said, "I think you need to go see Dr. Justiss. He can tell you what to do."

I said "Amy, you are so sweet to try and help me. I am getting big because I am having a baby in my stomach. In about 5 or 6 more months the baby will be born. You will have a baby sister or brother."

"Now I understand why we have to build a big house. " She said. "Oh, I think it will be so much fun to have a brother or sister. "

Several weeks later I went to see Dr. Justiss. I got on the scale and the nurse wrote down my weight. (Dr. Justiss was very strict about the weight of a mother. You could not go over 20 pounds during the entire pregnancy. Dr. Justiss said, "You are gaining too much weight. Watch what you eat. Eat protein, vegetable and salads. No sweets. And walk every day."

I promised Dr. Justiss I would do better. I had always made meals like Dr. Justiss suggested. But now we kept nothing sweet in the house. I drank 2% milk. I ate yogurt.

I turned into a walking machine. I walked around the neighborhood. Usually I walked ½ mile early morning and ½ a mile mid-morning with Amy. After dinner Amy and Daddy ran on the track at the old football stadium across from O'Bryant. I walked around the old track four times and called it a mile. This was our track. It was made of mud and was very uneven. Amy was running around the "track" very fast. We saw her but we didn't really pay much attention. All of a sudden Bob started watching her and looking at his watch.

Bless her heart, she ran like a deer. When she had gone around the track four times without stopping, she stopped. She asked Bob, "How far did I go?" Bob hugged her and said, "You ran a mile!" How wonderful!

Little did we know what the future held for Amy

Mam-ma and Pappa and Grandmother Weaver were all excited about having another grandchild. Bob had a cheap simple Bar-B-Cue pit. Amazingly he could cook pork ribs and chickens like a professional. He enjoyed inviting his parents and my mamma to drive to Bellville on Saturday morning. He would make Barbecue, and I bought potato salad. I had made baked beans. We had French bread and tea.

We would eat when the meat was done. After a delicious meal, we would go back to the new house. Amy was the tour guide. As the framing progressed, we could walk around on the foundation. Bob brought Kelly Gaffney's plans along, so we could "see" the location of the living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast area and 1 bath and the playroom/bedroom. It was very entertaining to everyone to imagine how the house would look when it was finished.

Hunter was born on October 10, 1972. I didn't even try to nurse Hunter. We put him on baby formula which totally agreed with him. He was a happy, contented, big boy. am ecstatic to report that Hunter is a "sleeper." I He weighed 9 pounds 7 ounces (By comparison Amy weight 8 pounds 2 ounces. Before he was born, I was the "town spectacle" with the additional 29 pounds I carried around. Everyone but the doctor thought surely I was having twins!

Dr. Justiss was our doctor and we were so thankful he lived in Bellville.

By the time he was one, I called him "Big Hunter." He had it all in shambles!" Bless his heart, he's a one-man demolition squad. So many toys that survived Amy's babyhood looked as if they'd been run over

by a truck...not a truck, but a little boy with a big friendly smile and size six shoes. He loved pull toys, climbing stairs, eating and going "bye-bye."

By the time Hunter was 18 months old I couldn't carry him upstairs. He was too heavy. I would sit down on the bottom step, put him in my lap and "walk" upstairs on my bottom. Before long, he learned to walk, not crawl, upstairs by himself. What a happy day for me.

Amy was so proud of her baby brother. She wanted to play with him all day long. Of course, he had to take a morning nap, an afternoon nap, and go to sleep very early at night. Amy didn't like Hunter being asleep, but she soon learned to amuse herself with her toys and her dog Lucy.

Amy and Hunter had two babysitters they adored. One was probably 65 or older. Her name was Mrs. Pfeffer. The other was a girl in Junior High. She lived right in our neighborhood. Her name was Nancy Nichols.

Time passes so quickly.

Larry Macha Hired

Around 1972 Dan and Bob realized they needed another secretary. They were having a lot of business. Joy was Office Manager, so they hired a second secretary. Several different girls filled this position. Usually they moved away. Business was really on the increase. Bellville was slowly growing. One day a young lawyer from Hungerford showed up at the Hruska, Goodwin Law Office. He introduced himself as Larry Macha. He was a graduate of Texas A&M and UT Law School. He said I am looking for a job as a lawyer in a small town. Dan interviewed him first. Then Bob had an interview with him.

Dan and Bob told him they would like to see his transcript. They asked him about salary he expected. Larry said tomorrow after you see my transcript, please make me an offer. The three men met the next day and Larry was hired in 1973.

Goodwin Family joins St. Mary's Episcopal

After we had children, we wanted to give them a religious education, so we began looking for a church. I had grow up Methodist and Bobby had grown up Baptist. I began the various churches in Bellville. I finally chose St. Mary's Episcopal Church

One Easter soon after we joined the Episcopal Church, Mam-ma and Pap-pa came to our house to celebrate. All of us went to the Episcopal Church for the Easter Service. When we went home afterwards, Mam-ma went into the downstairs bedroom and slammed the door. We could hear crying and Pap-pa was trying to calm her down. She kept saying, "They have joined the Catholic Church. Did you see them cross themselves?" Pap-pa kept talking to her. Finally, they both came out. We have a nice turkey and dressing dinner (with macaroni and cheese, green beans and cranberry jello salad and pecan pie. Poor Mam-ma had grown up thinking only Baptists went to Heaven. Naturally she was upset.

Grandmother Weaver's Death

One evening Mamma called to tell me she had a large swollen place on one shoulder. She has been to see our family doctor, Dr. George Perdue. He wanted her to see a specialist. She saw the specialist and he said she needed to be checked into Methodist Hospital for testing. She stayed in the hospital and endured the tests. When everything was done, the doctor came to her room to give her the results. I

can't remember if Dana and I were both there. In previous conversations with the doctor mother explained that she had no family but Dana and me. Surely, he contacted both of us.

I can't remember for sure but I think I was there by myself. The doctor was a kind man. From the look on his face, we knew the results were not good. He explained that our beloved Mother had cancer. He said it had spread fast. There was no way to even now where it started. He told Mamma he thought she had six months to live.

All of this happened when Hunter was about 18 months old. That is a long time ago. I just realized that after Mother's bad experience in the apartment we decided she should move to Bellville. Before Mamma got sick, Bob and I wanted her to move to Bellville. Strangely enough the house we lived in (on South Holland) where Amy was taken after she was born was for sale.

We called her and asked her if she wanted to buy that house. She remembered it well and said, "Yes."

She bought our first house on South Holland. That was a perfect sized home for one person or a couple. She was very happy about moving to Bellville. Sadly, she never lived in the house; it was not meant to be. She turned up with cancer and came to stay with us on South Oak Street instead.

We had a bedroom downstairs we used as the playroom, so that was hers. We moved the playroom into the dining room. Periodically I took Mamma to Methodist Hospital, so her team of doctors could monitor her medicines. They knew at some point she would have to be hospitalized because of pain. She enjoyed being with Amy (4) and Hunter (a baby). We increased the length of her visits. She couldn't stand up and take a shower, so we put a metal chair in the shower, and I bathed her. She was really getting weak. Dana came on the weekends to Bellville to see her. She told us to take her back to the hospital. When she was in Methodist Hospital, he came and stayed with us there. She lived only a short time and died of a heart attack. God was merciful. He took her quickly, and she didn't have to die in pain as the cancer spread throughout her body. She died at age 62 on September 7, 1974

Amy's fifth birthday was set for September 7th, 1974; she was going to be five. We had planned a party on a Saturday. Unfortunately, due to my mom's death, Shirley Charpiot and Corrine Sander had to host her birthday party, while Bob and I were required in Houston.

Mamma had her funeral at Settegast Kopt. Marshall Mason, Rector of St. Mary's Parish in Bellville did her service. She was buried near Daddy in the big cemetery on Westheimer in Houston. The cemetery had a rule had only flat tombstones could be used. They were in the shape of a rectangle. On the stone was her full name, her date of birth, her date of death. That was all.

Dana and I were so sad and devastated to lose her. I grieved so much because both of my parents were gone. All those many years that they were still alive, I didn't know how amazing they were. I couldn't fully appreciate them like I do now. I didn't appreciate the daily sacrifices they made. Now I realize they did without a lot of things and spent their money on Dana and me. There is a wise saying that say: "You can't appreciate your parents until you have children of your own."

Mamma and Daddy, I love and adore you. I'm so sad I didn't tell you every day while you were still alive. Love is a powerful force; we can use it to uplift and encourage others. Be liberal with kind and loving words. I am sure I didn't tell you often enough how much I loved and appreciated both of you.

Amy's elementary

Amy entered kindergarten in August of 1975 at age 6. She had Mrs. Latimer and went to Spicer Kindergarten every day from 8:30-2:15.

The summer after kindergarten, 1976 Bob took Amy, age 6 and me on vacation to Estes Park, Colorado. Dear Mam-ma and Pap-pa kept Hunter as he was three and was too young to go. We flew from Houston to Denver. We rented a car and drove to Estes Park. It was unbelievably beautiful. There were mountains everywhere covered in wildflowers. We stayed in a very small motel with a stream running outside the backdoor. There were small furry creatures scampering everywhere. Everywhere there were signs that said, "Don't feed the chipmunks." Bob tried to feed a chipmunk and the creature bit him. We went to a nearby town with a doctor, and Bob got a tetanus shot. He, of course, didn't feed anymore chipmunks.

We went hiking every day with Amy never falling behind. She had a lot of stamina for someone only 6. In Estes Park there was a beautiful restaurant built like a large home. The name of it was Rock Acres. The name does justice to the outside only. The inside looked like a beautiful home. It had several large dining rooms. The windows were large plate glass, and you could see mountains in every direction. The restaurant had a fabulous menu-steaks, chicken, seafood, etc. and specialty offerings.

Our first evening at Rock Acres, Bob and I chose something from the menu. Amy, however, couldn't make up her mind. The waitress suggested Shrimp Scampi.

We were staying in Estes Park 5 days. It was a day's drive from Denver to Estes Park. It took another day to go from Estes Park back to Denver, so we had 5 nights in Estes Park. Our first meal at Rock Acres was superb. (I believe the most expensive item under seafood was Shrimp Scampi.) Amy fell in love with Shrimp Scampi. The next day Bob asked other people where they liked to eat. Everyone told him the best place was Rock Acres, so we decided we would go to Rock Acres every night. Case closed. Bob and I tried different things on the menu, and we thought Amy would do the same. What a surprise. She ate Shrimp Scampi 6 nights in a row. She loved our vacation-the wildflowers, the chipmunks, the mountains and Shrimp Scampi!

When Amy entered first grade in 1976, her teacher was Sharon Higginbotham. She had taught maybe 10 years. Amy loved her and worked so hard to do everything asked of her. She had a wonderful year, however, she had chicken pox for two weeks before Christmas vacation. She was a quick learner and always made A's..

For the 1977-1978 school year, her second-grade teacher was Bernadette Armand. Mrs. Armand was pregnant that year. When the baby came, the children had a substitute, Mrs. Janicek. In third grade, 1978-1979 Amy had Janet Metzger. Amy had a good year with her. In fourth grade Amy had Betty Wehring. She was an excellent teacher. In fifth grade she had Nila Klaus. Nila was very strict, so a lot of learning took place.

During those years Amy started taking piano lessons from Dorothy Menke. Dorothy is the sweetest, most patient person. Amy loved her and was always to practice. She took lessons until she entered 9th grade. In high school athletics consumed so much of her time. Bob and I hated to see her quit, because she was very good and very dedicated. She just couldn't go to school, participate in athletics and practice piano.

Mam-ma and Pap-pa move to Port Isabel in October 1976

After Tommy, Bob's brother, their oldest son got divorced, Mamma and Pappa didn't see his girls anymore. The loss of Dena and the little girls was such a source of sorrow to Mamma and Pappa. In October 1976, when Amy was in first grade, they sold the house on Sam Rayburn and moved to Harlingen in the deep South. They brought a nice condominium. The Gulf of Mexico was not far away. There was sunshine and warm weather all the time. Remember that I told you they loved to fish? They fished to their hearts' content.

I remember vividly Mam-ma and Pap-pa invited us to come to Harlingen for Thanksgiving, 1976. Harlingen is located in the Valley where one of the primary crops is grown-citrus fruit-grapefruit and oranges. We enjoyed grapefruit and oranges every morning for breakfast. For dinner we ate friend fish. Bob took us out to a couple of times. We went to a restaurant that served fish. I guess we traveled by airplane because Harlingen was a long way from Bellville.

We had a wonderful weekend. Amy, by now, was 7. Hunter was 4. Amy wanted to bring back a Big grapefruit for her 1st grade teacher, Mrs. Higginbotham. The grapefruit she picked was HUGE.

We traveled there in the summer in 1977 as well. Amy and Hunter drew wonderful pictures of the trip.

Hunter's Elementary

Now I want to recall Hunter's teachers. In kindergarten, he had Mrs. Latimer. Big Hunter was almost tall as Mrs. Latimer in kindergarten. He loved going to school, and he hated naptime. He loved recess, hated the cafeteria, loved to run and play and hated to go to bed at night. He was a typical boy of 6. He jogged a mile every day and went to Sunday School on Sunday.

In first grade he had Mrs. Kiecke and tackled the all-important task of learning to read. Every afternoon we spent reading. In second grade he had Ernestine Seals. Mark Skelton and Mark Wood were in the same class with Hunter. Ernestine used to laugh and say, "Those three boys were "rounders"? She told the principal not to ever give those three boys to the same teacher again. Each one was a handful.

I don't remember who Hunter had in third grade, but in fourth grade he had a 6'5" basketball star from Indiana named Mr. Horan. He was just the right person for Hunter, firm but fair. Hunter was a SPORT! He and his neighborhood friends played touch football in the fall, baseball in the Spring, and they ran track in the summer. One could have easily known the season of the year by looking in my laundry baskets of dirty clothes.

In fifth grade he had Mr. Prien, also known as the "snake charmer." Mr. Prien had all kinds of reptiles in cages around his classroom. Quite often Hunter stayed after school to hold and play with a 5 foot long Florida king snake.

Before I forget, I wanted Hunter to take piano lessons from Mrs. Menke. He didn't want to play the piano, but I told him to try it. He had no love for piano lessons nor practicing. I insisted he try for six months. When we sat down to practice, it was a battle. I don't know who shed more tears...Hunter or me. I finally gave up and accepted that Hunter would not be a concert pianist.

Reading to my children

Another thing I started doing after dinner every night was reading to Amy and Hunter. One child sat on one side of me, and the other child sat on the other side. When they were very young, I read nursery

rhymes and short stories. As they got older, I read quality books. We all enjoyed reading the longer books like *Little House on the Prairie*, *Peter Pan* and all the classics. We read many of the books by Marguerite Henry. She wrote wonderful books about horses.

We kept up this ritual until Amy went to 7th grade. I would tell any parent who wants their child to be a good reader, do the following:

A parent should read to them every day or night. A child who is read to will be a strong reader himself. Since all learning is based on one's ability to read-read, read, read to your children. It is a real shame that television rules in many of today's homes. Television can't help any child become a good reader. Only by hearing a language read aloud can a child reap the benefits.

Hunter neighborhood antics

I am now going to the subject of Hunter. When I tell the tales about him, please know everything is true.

When we moved in our new home, we moved very near Bobby and Virginia Woods. They had a boy named Mark. Mark and Hunter were close friends. They played together all the time. One summer day, one of my neighbors, Corinne Sander, called me on the phone. She said, "Anne, I just saw Mark Wood and Hunter driving down the street in a homemade Go Cart. I think you better check up on them. I think Mark was driving 20 or 25 miles per hour. I thanked her for the information. I got in my car and went to find them. I finally located them and told them to drive to the curb and turn it off.

I went home and told Bob what they were doing and to please come home and handle the situation. Bob came home and told Mark to drive the go cart to his house. He said both boys could not drive the go-cart until Bob and Bobby Wood talked. That evening Bob and Bobby had a conference. The boys could only ride the go cart out on remote country roads. Bob Goodwin or Bobby Wood had to be present.

Mark Wood was obviously a genius. He built the go cart using the motor from an old lawn mower. I think he was 8 or 9 at the time.

Hunter Little League

Starting at a young age Hunter played Little League Baseball. Actually, he start with T-Ball. This took place in the summer. I think they had 2 practices and one game every week. The land used for the baseball fields was given to Dr. Roensch and Dr. J.A. Neely.

The Little League fields were downhill and a good distance from the hospital. The fields were well lighted. There were very nice bleachers for the fans. There was a very nice concession stand wired with electricity, so they could have a snow cone machine, soda water, hot dogs, etc. It was all first class. When the boys were young, there were lots of walks and a few hits. There were very few high scoring games. As the boys got older there were more hits, more scores and the teams played against teams in other towns. This organization couldn't compare to the Track and Field Meets. Hunter finally gave up Little League. He didn't play in the senior division.

Summer Swimming

In the summer we spent many hours at the Bellville Swimming Pool, located at the City Park. A school teacher taught swimming lessons every summer. His name was John Mikeska. I believe a child had to be

three years old to take lessons. Both Amy and Hunter were gifted athletes. Amy started swimming lessons at age 3. She also took lessons at ages 4 and 5. Hunter kept taking lessons until he was 5. By that time Amy and Hunter were very capable swimmers.

Summer Vacations

For many summers we went to New Braunfels for a vacation. Bob had a secretary named Joy Seidel. She had a girl about one year older than Amy. Her name was Rachel. She had a boy about a little older than Hunter named Garrett. The seven of us made many wonderful trips to New Braunfels. The first 4 or 5 summers we stayed in the The Other Place, The Holiday Inn or Best Western. It really didn't matter much where we stayed. We were busy from sun-up to sun-down. A typical day began at 7:00 am. We went to Landa Park and jogged for some 30 minutes. We went back to our motel to put on summer clothes and tennis shoes. We went to Krause's café for breakfast. They were known for their toasted biscuits. We then went to Landa Park on the Comal River. The Comal River is fed by springs, so the water is icy cold. We had a favorite place we sat in our inner tube and jumped in the water. Then we floated to a certain place and got on land.

Some mornings we went to the grocery store and bought drinks for breakfast. We also bought fruit. Then we went to Neglin's Bakery and bought all kinds of sweet rolls and cinnamon buns. We went to Landa Park, claimed a cement table and 2 benches. Then we went far upriver and rode the river down to the get-out point.

There was a tiny town called Gruene. There were several cafes where everyone loved to eat-Gruene Hall. There was a very old dance hall there. Everyone loved to drive on the low water crossing at Gruene, browse the shops and stay for dinner. There was a barbecue place in New Braunfels named Granzin's. It was a take-out place. We loved to buy beef, sausage, potato salad, beans and tea. It was on Main street in New Braunfels, and you had better get there before noon. The locals loved Granzin's. If you got there at 1:30 or 2:00 it was certain they had run out of something. there were other places to eat, but everyone went to Granzin's.

I don't remember exactly but I think during those years we went to New Braunfels, Bob decided it would be a good investment to buy a condominium in a group that had been built recently. They were across the street from Landa Park. They were very well built and brand new. The idea was for you to use the condominiums and rent it out when you weren't using it. The condominiums were unfurnished, so Bob went to the local furniture store and bought enough furniture to furnish it. It was quite a large investment.

The salesman did not clearly explain that there was a hefty fee charged to you every time your condo was rented. Every time people checked out of your condo a cleaning service had to change all the linens, wash them, dry them and put them on the bed. The condo had to be thoroughly cleaned, so the fee for clean-up was huge. The rental fees and the clean-up fees ate up all the return on your investment. Right after Bob bought the first condo, he bought a second condo on the other side. We kept both condos for two summers. and it fun to have Joy and family, Billy Ray Killen, Hunter and Aggie buddies all there at the same time. However, Bob decided the condos would never make any money for him so he sold them.

Every evening we drove a few miles down a road that eventually would take you to Clear Springs. We drove only a short distance. It was a large popular restaurant-always very busy. We got out of the river early, drove to our condo. We changed clothes, dried our hair. Then we drove to Clear Springs, many times we sat on old wooden tables and benches waiting for our name to be called. The sun would slowly be going down, but it would be rather pleasant. Finally, the waitress would say, "Party of 7 for Bob Goodwin." We would be seated and ready to put in our order. We all ate friend catfish fillets, French friends, hush puppies, coleslaw and pinto beans. The restaurant was huge. Often it was full when we arrived. Some people came very early. These would be finishing up and leaving space for the next group.

The restaurant had one enormous building. On one end was a big stage that could seat many people. In one area there were booths, lots of booths. There were side rooms that went out from the one big room. We never had a long wait to be seated. Needless to say, it was the most popular restaurant in Comal County.

San Antonio wasn't far from New Braunfels. Sometimes we would drive to San Antonio and go to the market. The most well know restaurant, Mi Tierras, was there. It was very popular, staffed by well-trained wait staff and offered all the typical things served in Mexico. If you had never eaten Mexican food before, the waiter would patiently say a name like "Enchilada." Then he would explain everything as to how to make an enchilada and show you a picture of one.

All the people in Mi Tierra want you to love their food and their county. It was such fun to eat there.

There was another restaurant in the Market called Margaritas. We went there a few times, but we thought the food as Mi Tierra's was better. One of our favorite things to do was to listen to the Mariachi Bands. That type of music is happy, energetic and loud. I love it.

As Joy's children grew older and Amy and Hunter grew older, we stopped taking our vacations together.

Austin

There was a period of time when we went to Austin to participate in Fun Runs. I'm not sure, but I think we stayed at the Wyndham Hotel. The Capitol 10K started near the Capitol Building and contestants ran all over the downtown area. Our whole family ran and I think Amy placed in her age group. There were times when we went to Austin to run along Town Lake. This we did just for the exercise. Amy and Hunter blazed the trail for us to follow. Sometimes we ran in Memorial Stadium. We'd go back to the Wyndham Hotel for breakfast. Later on, we would swim in the indoor/outdoor pool. We'd eat lunch and take a nap. We might go to a movie or watch TV. For dinner, we all loved Threadgill's, Shady Grove and Katz's.

Bob took us on weekend vacations throughout the year. We always felt blessed that our he had enough money to take us on trips. Sometimes we went to San Antonio, we would see the Alamo again. Very close to the Alamo was a wonderful department store called Joskees. Sometimes we might shop for Amy and Hunter. Joskees always had high quality merchandise. Hunter was rough on shoes. We wanted them to hold up until he outgrew them. Over the years we stayed in a very beautiful white stucco hotel on the river. I believe it was called "La Mansion". I remember that it had three stories. Every room looked out on the courtyard. Right in the center of the courtyard was a very large fountain. It was absolutely beautiful. We stayed in another hotel near the Alamo. I think it was called the Crocket.

I have to detour and go back to one of our visits to the Hilton Hotel. This was an early visit. I think Amy was eight and Hunter was five. The swimming pool was on the roof. All of us wanted to swim except Hunter. He was watching TV and wanted to finish his cartoons. Bob told him to come to the pool. We went to the pool and expected him to come. All of a sudden, we realized 15 or 20 minutes had passed and Hunter had not come to the pool. Bob and I got out of the pool and went to the room. When we opened the door to the room, we were shocked. He was sitting at a table in the room, eating a hamburger and drinking a chocolate malt. We were so surprised. Bob asked him, "How did you get that food." Hunter said, "I watched when you ordered coffee. I called Room Service and ordered my lunch." Hunter was so proud of himself. Bob quickly put an end to Hunter calling room service. He called them and said, "I am Bob Goodwin. We are staying in room 514. I have a son who is five years old who knows how to call Room Service. If he calls and orders anything to be delivered to room 513, do not bring it."

San Antonio was named a very long time ago in the past. It was named after one of the Saints in the Catholic Church, Saint Anthony. Along the river there is a beautiful statue of Saint Anthony. Everywhere there is evidence that San Antonio was founded and settled by the Spaniards-Mexicans. It is a unique and charming city.

Over time the city built a Convention Center. Nearby a Marriot Hotel was built. Sometime we stayed there. It was maybe 12 stories tall and had plenty of amenities. Because it was far from the river, they were a little lower on the prices of the rooms. It was a typically beautiful Marriott Hotel.

Many, many years later, when Hunter played football for Texas A&M, the Aggies played in the Alamo Bowl. How please we were to return to San Antonio and go to see Hunter play in the Alamo Bowl.

I also remember San Antonio held a Hemisphere. They built an enormous museum to hold artifacts, clothes, tools, etch that were used in different parts of the state long ago. It was fabulous. The key thing they built was called the Needle. it was very tall and on the very top was a bar and restaurant. It was breathtaking to go to the top of the Needle. Rumors passed around that it was horribly expensive to eat there. For a reasonable fee, you could ride to the top, go to an observation area and buy soft drinks. The top part of the needle goes around, so slowly you don't feel any movement. San Antonio is a very difficult city to drive in. I wouldn't drive there, so Bob did all the driving.

Another city we liked to spend time in was Galveston. It took about 2 ½ hours to drive from Bellville to Galveston. It was so much fun to go in the summer when it was so hot. We usually stayed in the Moody Hotel right on the beach. Amy and Hunter liked to swim, splash in the ocean, the Gulf of Mexico.

The Gulf of Mexico in front of Galveston really isn't very pretty. The water is brown and the sand is brown. By contrast, in Florida the water is blue and the sand is white. Bob and I loved the famous restaurant in Galveston called Gaidos.

Summer Track

During the summer (June, July and August) Amy and Hunter went to the pool every afternoon for an hour or an hour and a half. The swimming pool was built on city property. You had to pay a membership fee to join the pool. It was for members only.

The pool was the only entertainment in the summer.

The only organized sport for older boys was Little League Baseball. Hunter participated once a week. Little League was played in the month of June. I believe Little league was for boys only.

There was one other organized summer sport. It was Coach Seals Summer Track Program. Members were Amy and Hunter, Ronald, Renee, and Cousin Little Richard Seals, Rachel and Garrett Seidel. Coach Seals told everyone to be at the track at 7:00 a.m. The children weren't too thrilled with getting up at 6:30 a.m. and going to practice by 7:00 but they did it.

Every Thursday the Bellville Track Club drove to Butler Stadium in Houston to compete against big track clubs from Houston and the surrounding areas. Two large clubs I remember were the Menonite Track Club and the Pasadena Track Club. Bob's secretary, Joy Seidel, and I would fill ice chests with bottled water and grapes.

The track meet started at 6:30 and ended at 8:30. Just before the meet ended, we got in our car and drove to the Strawberry Patch on Westheimer. This restaurant had fabulous hamburgers. We all loved to eat there.

The biggest thing about Amy's participating in several events was she took first place every time. This is where we discovered that Amy was a gifted runner. A lot of people noticed Amy and wanted to talk to Coach Seals. We went to Butler Stadium for Summer track for 4 or 5 years.

One day I was in Brenham and I saw Kim Nuffer's younger brother. He was wearing a t-shirt advertising the Hershey Track and Field Championship with participants from the 48 states. I called Mrs. Nuffer and got phone numbers for Bob. He loved talking on the phone and asking questions.

This is how people from our part of Texas qualified to go to the Hershey Meet. They went to a track meet held at Burger Stadium in Austin. The usual events took place. It was time for the 800 M run. Amy lined up with seven other girls. Amy came out hard and took the number one spot on the inside lane. She ran fast and crossed the finish line in first place. Amy was on her way to the Hershey National Track and Field Meet held in Hershey, Pennsylvania. On the next run, the USA had been divided into regions. Amy's region included Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Kansas, and Nebraska. There were eight regions because there were 8 lanes on the track.

The following summer Amy and Hunter did summer track with Archie Seals. Rene and Amy and Hunter worked hard-really hard because the Track and Field Meet sponsored by the Hershey Corporation would be held in Hershey, Pennsylvania. the same group went to Butler Stadium on Thursday nights and ran with more vigor and purpose. Amy consistently ran hard and always won. Hunter did very well in the long jump.

Finally, we all went to Burger Stadium to try to qualify for the Hershey Track and Field meet. Amy qualified in the 800 meter run. Renee qualified in the 400 meter run. Hunter qualified in the long jump. Hershey paid the airfare for all contestants.

Not long before the Hershey meeting, we went to a track meet near San Antonio. Amy ran and won. Hunter did the long jump and broke his foot. When we got to Bellville, Bob took Hunter to the Bellville Hospital and Dr. Tan did an x-ray on his foot. Dr. Tan said "No long jump for two months." That meant Hunter couldn't long jump in Hershey Pennsylvania. Hunter was really disappointed.

Amy and Rene and many other contestants flew from Austin to Pennsylvania.

There were loaded on buses and taken to dormitories where they stayed while they were in Hershey. One morning they were taken to the Hershey Theme Park. (It was like Six Flags Over Texas only smaller.) It took two days to tour Hershey and have the track meet. The Hershey Corporation had built a beautiful track (new). At the opening ceremonies, a U.S. Runner who had won four gold medals at the Olympics was to christen the new track by running one lap around. His name was Rafer Johnson. He was so fast. he was the perfect man to run the first lap.

The meet began. Both Amy and Renee won first place and received a Hershey first place medals.

Milton Hershey was the man who built the Hershey Empire. He started out making chocolate bars in his own kitchen. Then he would go from house to house selling his candy. He slightly changed the recipe several time. Finally, he settled on the recipe today. Hershey is one of the most unique towns in the USA. Thank you, God, for letting us go there.

Pappa's death

Several months after Christmas, 1980, in the Spring, Bob's parents, Mamma and Pappa decided to drive to Colorado. They didn't get very far when Pap-pa's feet and ankles began to swell. They changed their plans and drove to Houston. They saw a doctor and he sent them to M. D. Anderson. The diagnosis was he had cancer in his kidneys and had only a few months to live. Mamma stayed at a motel that had a glass walkway into the hospital. Bob paid for everything. Pap-pa told Bob to take care of his mother. Bob promised his Dad he would.

Pap-pa's kidneys failed and he died at M.D. Anderson hospital on September 30, 1980. Amy was in 5th grade, Hunter was in 2nd grade. Mamma and Pap-pa had a funeral plot in the East End of Houston. Pap-pa was buried in that cemetery.

Bob brought Mamma to live in Bellville. He sold their home in Houston on Fir Street and Bob bought Mamma a lovely house on Concordia Drive. Bob paid a moving company to move all the furniture from Houston to Bellville. Mamma was all settled. She went to the Baptist Church in Bellville and met a lot of nice people. They were very inclusive of her. That made the move a lot easier.

Fun Runs

When Amy was in 6th grade and Hunter was in 3rd, she and Hunter ran in lots of Fun Runs. This was a phenomenon that developed in our area and everywhere. The whole family had been running to get exercise. Other little towns, including Bellville, Sealy and Brenham had fun runs.

Bob heard about the Katy Fun Run in 1982. We signed up and went to Katy by 8:30 a.m. The fun run started at 9:00. Everyone participating stood in a big group near the starting line. The gun went off and everyone began to run. There was a wide path through the woods. The really fast runners ran and got in the big group that would cross the finish line first. Amy and Hunter ran really fast and were among those who crossed the finish line first. Bob and I were in the 2nd group to pass the finish line. When we completed our run, someone gave the finishers cups of Dannon yogurt and a plastic spoon. I took a bite and made a face. Some nice person said, "Go to the bottom and stir it up." There was a group of mashed blueberries on the bottom. We stirred it up and ate it with gusto.

There were many awards given out when the race was over. Amy and Hunter won third place for fastest brother/sister team. They were given a really nice trophy that had a place for a picture on it. Someone took the picture and put it in the trophy frame.

We always had fun. Amy and Hunter always finished in the first group to pass the finish line. they often got a medal or a plaque. We had a carpenter build a trophy case to hold all the medals and trophies. We were so proud of Amy and Hunter. For a few years Bob and I ran too. We started competing in Fun Runs. However, we neither one got a trophy, medal or ribbon.

Amy in Junior High

Now I am going to write about Amy in Junior High. First of all, she was an excellent student. She always brought home a Straight A report card. Amy was, of course, a member of the Junior High Track team. There were lots of other girls on the team. Many of her teammates cheered for her and celebrated with her when she won.

I think each girl could participate in three events. Amy usually ran the 800 M run, the mile relay, and the mile run. She always won three gold medals. This scenario took place in grades 7th and 8th. Her track coaches were Jackie Dietrich and Linda Hermann. Track Meets were on Saturday, and Bellville competed against all the schools in our district. We spent many delightful weekends watching Amy win every event she entered.

Hunter in Junior High

Hunter entered Junior High. Gone were the days of fun after school with the neighborhood gang. He still played on the weekend with his friends. He also went hunting in Devine with Bob, worked cattle at Bob Charpiot's "place." In sixth grade he made the All-Star Team in baseball, I got to wash those white baseball pants two weeks longer than I expected. He greatly anticipated football in 7th grade and a chance to play Brahma football.

In 7th grade, we went every Thursday to watch Hunter play on the 7th grade Brahma football team. Their record was 0-7. (And yes, that order is correct.) We followed him from 7th-8th grades going to football and basketball games and track meets. Hunter was part of a very smart class of BHS, but in sports they played other schools and usually lost. Occasionally they would play a school and win. I can vividly remember playing basketball against the Navasota Rattlers in Navasota. They lost about 90-5. It was humiliating.

Amy in High School

When Amy went to high school, Coach Archie Seals was her coach. Amy and Archie, were quite a team. In high school, you usually run against the same girls that you did in junior high. Of course, new people move in. You never know when someone blazing fast might move to your town.

For Amy, Spring Track was much the same as it had been in Junior High. Archie was another "father" figure for Amy. He had coached her since the days at Butler Stadium, when she was 9 or 10. He knew just how to handle her. To her credit, she was not a Prima Dona. Her speed definitely was a gift from God. It came from the Goodwin side of the family. Bobby and Tommy were fast.

The goal for every high school track team was to go to the State Meet held at Memorial Stadium in Austin. It was such a famous track. And if you won first in Austin, you received an enormous gold medal.

When Amy entered 9th grade, she began to run for Bellville High school. Everyone in Bellville kept up with all the teams that represented Bellville. The king of sports was the Brahma Football team. Friday night was set aside as the night to go to the game and cheer the Brahma football team to victory. The whole town attended the games, and the outstanding players got lots of attention. Bellville always had good football teams. There were plenty of football stars who earned scholarships to major colleges: Rueben Saage, Harvey Aschenbeck, Ernie Koy, Ted Koy, and Jo Ed Lynn just to name a few.

A relatively new sport was also held in the fall. It was called Cross Country. There was a Cross Country team for boys and a Cross Country team for girls. Archie not only coached the Spring Track Team, but he also coached the Cross Country team for girls. The contestants had to run two miles on uneven ground. Each runner had to run in both the district and regional meet before they qualified to State.

When Amy was a freshman, the District Track Team meet was held at Prairie View. The Regional Cross Country meet was at San Jacinto College.

Almost every time Amy ran, the weather was clear skies and sunny. I remember, however, we all went to regional Cross Country meet held in Pasadena, at San Jacinto College. Several days before the meet it rained. It rained the day of the meet. Pasadena was on the east end of Houston. It was a very long trip from Bellville. When I say it rained, I don't mean a light sprinkle. It was raining hard. Of course, there was no crowd of spectators. The only people there were participants, coaches and a few parents. All the girls wore uniforms and old track shoes. The course was a quagmire of some grass and some pools of water and mud. These certainly weren't the best conditions for runners. However, the gun sounded and the girls ran. Amy was soon out in front and she crossed the finish line first.

We stayed long enough for Amy to collect her first-place medal. Since all of us were set, we immediately left for Bellville.

The State Cross Country meet was held in Georgetown. What a beautiful course it was. It was held at Southwestern University. The president's home was a big, beautiful home at the top of a hill on campus. There were lots of trees growing down the hill. The two-mile courses were so beautiful. Cross Country was a lot of fun for the spectators. The course was marked with rope. Spectators must stay behind the ropes. But you can be very close to the runners. The course for Cross Country was one with gentle turns and small elevations and dips. Contestants could not practice running the course. They all ran it for the first time at the State Meet. There was a huge group of girls from all over Texas. Archie told Amy to come out fast and take the lead. That was just what Amy did. Then she hit her stride and ran the course. She was the first girl to cross the finish line. After the meet was over, all participants and spectators went into a large gymnasium. Everyone sat in the bleachers. In a very nice ceremony, officials from Southwestern University presented the UIL State Cross Country medals.

The medals are very large and hang from a ribbon that is red, white and blue. Medals were given to the girls who finished first, second and third.

The person giving out the medals called for the third-place winner. This girl went to the front of the gym and the man hung the medal around her neck. He called for the second-place winner and hung the

medal around her neck. He asked both of these girls to stay at the front of the gym. He then called out the first-place winner-Amy Goodwin. He hung the beautiful medal around her neck.

He turned to the crowd and said, "Let's hear some cheering for all the girls who qualified to come to the state meet and our three winners. "*thunderous applause"

Amy won first place at AAA Cross Country four years in a row. When she won her last medal, the announcer said, "Amy Goodwin has made history! She is the first runner in AAA to win Cross Country four years in a row. *thunderous applause"

Amy did the same thing in track in the Spring. She won State four years in a row in the 800M. Her senior year, she also won the mile. People who always went to the State Meet for Track and Field Events followed Amy's amazing career. Archie taught Amy to come out hard in the first part of the race. She sprinted into lane one and stayed there. None of the other contestants could catch her. She got out in front and ran like the wind. Bob and I loved watching her run. She was so fluid and fast. She was a beautiful runner. Oh, how we all loved Archie and Ernestine. They both followed Amy to every track meet and Cross Country Meet that Amy entered. The Seals and the Goodwins had great times together. It was a sad day when Amy ran her last race at Southwestern University in Georgetown, and in Memorial Stadium in Austin. Thank you, Archie Seals. Thank you, Ernestine Seals.

During her senior year, letters from colleges and universities began to come to Archie at school. The same letters also went to our house. All the letters were from College Head Track Coach for Girls. All of them offered a full scholarship if Amy would come to their school. All the letters wanted her to come to their college or university, and the institutions would pay all costs for her education. Amy was allowed five visits. As I remember it, there were some 40 schools who wanted to recruit Amy. It was very hard to choose only five schools for a visit. She finally settled on: University of Texas, LSU, University of Alabama, University of Virginia and USC.

USC came to Amy. Fred LaPlante called and asked if he could come to Bellville and meet Amy. Fred was the track coach for women at USC. We were thrilled he would come so far to meet Amy. A few weeks later he flew from Los Angeles to Houston. He rented a car in Houston and drove to Bellville. He rang our doorbells and we greeted him with open arms. He was tall, of medium build, and had blond hair. He was very well dressed and handsome. All of us were very impressed. We had dinner and he told us about track at USC. As he walked toward the door, he said, "I really need you at USC."

After all five visits and after much soul searching and deliberation she chose USC in Los Angeles, CA. I felt as if Amy were going to Mars. California is a long way from Texas. Los Angeles is an enormous city. How could Amy take care of herself? She had spent all her life living in the small town of Bellville.

I was determined not to voice my fears in front of Amy. But I told Bob we couldn't let her go to Los Angeles. He would just smile and tell me. "Amy will be fine. Don't you worry!"

When Amy graduated from Bellville High School, she was third in her class. We were so proud of her, especially because running competitively took so much of her time. I'm sure her good grades made her even more attractive to college and track coaches. Amy was always very self-disciplined.

Amy Goes to USC

The summer after she graduated from Bellville High School was one of the busiest, we ever had. Amy was going through “Rush”, so we needed clothes for the parties she would attend. Then we needed a wardrobe for going to classes, etc. We packed a lot of clothes she already had. But the climate in Southern California is mild. There was no need for coats. We spent all of June and part of July trying to think of everything. We pack and packed and packed. Dormitory closets are small, so we didn’t ship but a few boxes of clothes for school, Rush and casual clothes for school. I had no idea of the value of Amy’s scholarship. Bob told me he saw a student wearing a T-shirt. On the front it had a big USC. And on the back, it said 10 reasons I am going to USC. Number 10 said, “My Dad had an extra \$100,000 he didn’t need.” It was a private school, so it cost \$20,000 a year. It was more than I could understand that 18-year-old girl who had lived her whole life in Bellville with a population of 3,500, would go to college in Los Angeles.

I called a distant cousin, Virginia Perdue Eakins, to tell her Amy was going to USC. The first thing she said to me was “She will never come back to Texas.” When she hung up, I cried and cried. That was not what I wanted to hear. This was a time of great upheaval for our family. Amy was going away to college. Hunter was in high school. Bob and I occasionally went out and visited Amy at USC. What a glorious experience for all of us.

Amy was not the main star on the team. Just because she didn’t win every race, she still had her scholarship. As long as she went to all track practices and meets, she kept her scholarship. She also kept the grade point average up in the A range. The coaches never had to worry about Amy being eligible to run. With some of her teammates, this was a big concern. Also, Amy always gave 100% in every race.

Hunter in High School

By freshman year, Big Hunter was already 6 feet tall. He bore a slight resemblance to our son, but we just couldn’t be sure. He played on the freshman football team. He adopted well to life in High School. His biggest challenge was learning to budget his time.

Hunter’s sophomore year, I decided to go back to teaching. I was at the point in my life, I wasn’t needed at home anymore. Hunter was still in high school, but he was 15, and he was so independent. He really didn’t need me. I applied in Bellville and Sealy. I really hoped to get a job in Sealy because Tom Golson was the Superintendent there. He was the principal at Bellville High School for several years. Bob and I got to know Tom and his wife, Sarah, during those years.

One day I was feeling brave, and I called Tom and asked if he had any openings for a teacher in elementary school. He asked me to come to Sealy and fill out an application. I did. I had been out for 19 years. After I interviewed with Tom Golson, Tom sent me over to Dr. Fairweather, the principal at Selman Elementary. We had a big interview, and he told me I could have the job teaching second grade. I was so excited and happy. I had stayed at home for 18 years, and I was excited to be a teacher again. When I told Bob about my new job, he was proud of me, but when I told Hunter I was going to be a teacher in Sealy, he planted both feet on the floor, put his hands on his hips and demanded, “And who is going to make Daddy’s lunch?” Hunter was not at all happy that I was going to work. But the truth be told, he was almost never at home.

Bob and I went to all his games in 9th-12th grade. They still did not win many games. By Hunter's senior year, we had Heath Golan on the basketball team. With him we had a better chance of winning. The Varsity basketball team won a respectable number of games Hunter's senior year.

By his senior year, Hunter was 6'5" and 220 pounds. He lifted weights often. He was forward thinking and already planning to major in Game Biology at either Duke, Texas, Texas Tech or A&M. He played tight end for the Brahmas. Some small colleges expressed an interest in him. I remember we entertained and fed the Head Football Coach from Sam Houston State. Hunter was invited to visit at Sam Houston and Texas A&I in Kingsville. Hunter visited Texas A&I one weekend in the spring of his Senior Year. He returned on Sunday with his mind made up to go to A&I. His choice was based solely on the location of Kingsville. He came home and told Bob that A&I was in the perfect place. It had Baffin Bay on one side and the King Ranch on the other side. Yes, Hunter loved to fish and hunt.

He visited Texas Tech in the summer, and stayed with a family friend, Andy Wilson. Andy and an entourage of attractive young women met Hunter at the Lubbock airport with enormous signs proclaiming Hunter was "Mr. Nude California." Hundreds of elderly ladies from the Bible Belt gave him looks of consternation. They pulled a good prank on Hunter and had a video crew there to film it. I am sure he will never forget his college visit to Texas Tech.

Going Back to Teaching

I found the nearest Teacher's Supply Store and bought all kinds of materials for bulletin boards and lots of office supplies as well. I worked so hard during the summer to get my room ready. The day school opened was perhaps one of the worst days of my life.

My room filled with parents. They were sitting, standing everywhere. One man shoved some literature at me and said his church didn't celebrate any holidays. I would have to provide extra work for his son when he studied or made art projects that were based on holidays. All the parents were telling me things about their children and everyone talked at the same time. I was overwhelmed. I was not familiar with any of my text books, as I did not get them but a week or two before school started.

I went home after that first day and begged Bob to let me quit. He would say, "Sure, quit. But what do you want me to tell Amy way out in California when she begs to come home? Come on, be a quitter like your mother. Is that what you want me to tell her?"

I would dry my eyes and go get out my Teacher's Manual determined to make one more day. Every night for that first week I don't think I slept at all. One night the phone rang after I had gone to bed. I stumbled out of bed. I got mixed up and couldn't find the light. I stumbled all over the room trying to find the phone and the light switch. I hit my foot on the rocking chair and cut a big gash in it. I began to leave a trail of blood all over the carpet. I finally got the phone. I heard Amy's voice. I had to tell her to wait until I could get a rag or something to stop the bleeding. You can't believe how many bloody marks I left on the carpet. It was AWFUL. I talked to Amy. We hung up. I went back to bed and never slept again that night.

The whole week was a horror. I was so tired I could barely function. But I hung in there and things got a little easier, a little, not a lot. I can't remember anything good about the first year. It was so hard. If I had known how difficult it would be, I'd never have done it. It was a blessing I didn't know!

I survived and kept on teaching. In those early years when we were in the original Selman Elementary, I really enjoyed my job. I had a lot of wonderful children and parents to help me with the school parties. After about six or seven years Selman Elementary doubled in size and the elementary school moved into the new building. It was quite an ordeal to move. In one respect it was good because I was forced to clean my cabinets and throw things away. (Teachers are all pack rats. We use something and want to file a copy or make a pattern.) One is always afraid to toss anything for fear that they will need it the next year.)

I have really enjoyed having a small teddy bear I called Celesta. One year I thought about using a stuffed bear as part of my discipline system. She is about 9 inches tall and has very thin little arms and legs. She was a baby present for Amy. She was so adorable. I put her in a box and left her on the shelf in Amy's closet for all those 19 years. I remembered the teddy bear and all the doll clothes I had made for Amy's 9 inch baby doll. I climbed the stairs into the attic and found the box of exquisite doll clothes. Sure enough, the little bear could wear them.

Celesta, the bear

I named the little bear Celesta. She was named after the lovely Celesta Meissner who made doll blankets and a Halloween costume for my bear. I wanted the bear to have a name that was unusual, not a name given to lots of children. I have only known one Celesta, so I chose that name.

The way I used Celesta was as an assistant to me. I sent a letter home to the parents explaining that Celesta was my assistant, and she was in charge of discipline. I didn't have time for it!

Celesta was a powerful motivation for good behavior, because every Friday she went home with a student to spend the weekend. Everyone was passing out to take Celesta home.

I had a wonderful young man build Celesta a little bed. It was made of oak and had a light varnish. Then Celesta Meissner made the sheets, a bed spread, a pillow case to fit the mattress and pillow. She made several different bedspreads and matching pillow cases, so they could be changed.

I bought a small Celesta sized wooden rocking chair. Several years later I bought a white iron chair with a little white pad on the seat. We used this chair for some of Celesta's cousins. Every week I chose a student who had been good all week long to take Celesta home. We had a special bag to put her in. (Several years later Celesta Meissner made me a little sleeping bag and pillow for Celesta beat to take along in her bag.)

To be classified as having good behavior all week meant you never got your ticket on the Conduct Chart moved for the whole week. One had their ticket moved for breaking one of the school or classroom rules. This was something the conscientious students tried to avoid.

Every Friday we took turns in choosing the lucky recipient of Celesta. One week she went home with a boy. The next week she went home with a girl. This continued until Celesta had been home with every student. Then we started over and the competition became intense. There weren't enough Fridays for everyone to have two weekends.

In instructed the children to take Celesta with them when they went places on the weekend. Believe me, she led an exciting life! She made many trips to the airports in Houston. She went to the Houston

Rodeo. She went to almost all the churches in Sealy. When she went to the Catholic church or Episcopal Churches, she was always blessed by the priest.

Celesta went to Walmart, McDonald's, Sonic, Tony's Restaurant, the Sealy Park, Sealy football games and goodness knows where else. Oh, she even has been to the Alamo in San Antonio.

I talk to Celesta during school. I often call on her for an answer. The child that took her home for the weekend cares for her the whole following week, so this child has to be Celesta's voice. The child taking care of Celesta loves to be called on.

Throughout the year, Celesta gives the children beautiful pencils. On special holidays she often gives two pencils that are decorated to represent the holiday. Celesta gives out candy bags on Halloween, Christmas, Valentine's Day and Easter.

Celesta always writes a good note to each child for each six weeks' grading period. She thinks of everything nice she can say about the report card and the child. The children love these notes. I have watched them open their report card, take out the note, read it and then look at their grades. The notes are very sweet, and Celesta heaps on the praise.

For the most part, the children I have taught have been delightful. In 14 years, I have had my share of hyperactive children, but all the good ones seem to compensate for those that bring one grief.

Victor

Now I need to tell you about my life-sized bear named Victor. Victor is just about as big as a second grader. He is in a permanent sitting position. He is a beautiful grizzly bear. His fur is brown tipped with gold.

Victor is Celesta's cousin. He lives in Wyoming. He hangs around the woods near the truck stop. When he sees a truck with Texas license plates, he climbs in the back while the owner is inside eating. Then he rides all the way to Texas. Getting to Sealy is a bit of a problem, but Victor always manages to make it all the way to Selman Elementary School.

Victor is very large, so he has to sit in an adult-sized chair. He and his chair move everyday to a different student. When it is your day to have Victor, he is all yours to hug, hold and cuddle. I call on Victor quite often and "his child" has to answer for him.

Since Victor moves every day, each child got Victor 2 or 3 different times. You can't even imagine how well-behaved the children are "when Victor belongs to them." If they misbehave, Victor has to leave and go to the next child. Whichever child has Victor is always the model of good behavior.

Bob and Hunter, the Ranchers

Bob was so smart. He bought tracts of land when Hunter was in high school. He wanted to keep Hunter busy and out of trouble. He also thought the "hard labor" would make him bigger, tougher and strong. He also hired Andre Green who wanted to make money in the summer. Every morning Hunter got up early, ate breakfast, picked up Andre and they went to work. Bob had a real eye for a tract of land in disrepair. He could envision how it would look if it were cleaned up, so Hunter and his companion would drive to the tract of land, and work to accomplish as much as they could.

They took chain saws to clear brush. They took yard equipment to clean up the yard (if there was a house on the property.) They learned to build and repair fences. They learned to paint inside and outside a house. They learned to use a drop cloth if they were painting inside. Bob was something of a perfectionist. He wouldn't accept sloppy work. If they didn't do things right the first time, they did the job again.

The Tick Ranch

As I remember it, Bob's first purchase was on Highway 36. It was on the left side of Highway 36, if you were going to Brenham, almost to Kenney. He bought this when the children were small. Amy was probably 6 or 7. Hunter would have been 3 or 4. Bob wanted our children to learn to enjoy the great outdoors. One Saturday morning we went out to "the ranch" to explore Bob's new purchase. Amy and Hunter went exploring. Amy went with me. Hunter went with Bob. "The Ranch" was heavily wooded with nothing but fences. Amy asked me, "Mamma, where is the bathroom?" I laughed and told her there was no bathroom. She would have to go on the ground.

She squatted down and went to the bathroom. She stood up and started screaming. There were black things crawling up her legs. Ticks must live in a nest, and she disturbed the nest. We moved away from the nest, and we began brushing them off her shoes and legs. Bob and Hunter came running. They thought surely Amy had seen a snake. By the time they found us, most of the ticks were gone. However, Amy was still upset and wanted to go home. Bob and Hunter laughed at her, which made her mad.

Needless to say we soon went back to civilization. And from that day forward that property was called "The Tick Ranch."

"Bob Pearl's or Mittanck Place

Bob bought the old Mittanck Home Place. It had a pretty wooden house at the top of a small hill. Eugene Mittanck had grown up in that house. The house was in disrepair, so Bob had another big project for Hunter. For that summer Bob hired Kenneth Hackermack, who played Football at UT, to help. The first matter of business was to fix all the fences, and put in a cattle guard. if you had land, you needed cattle so you could get an ag exemption. Bob had room for about 10 cows. There was an almost dried up pond in the land in front of the house. They had to enlarge the pond and make it deeper. All around the house were big, beautiful trees. But no one had lived in the house for a long time, so there was plenty of brush to clear. Hunter and Kenneth Hackermack had plenty of work to do. Also they had to feed and check on the cattle every day.

The view from the house was beautiful. The only heat was a wood-burning stove, so the boys had to cut dead wood into pieces that could fit into the wood burning stove.

Bob loved to cook Bar B Q chickens on the weekend. I made potatoes or macaroni cheese and a vegetable and we ate outside on a picnic table that Dad bought. For a lot of years, we celebrated 4th of July at the Mittanck Place. Joy and her children sometimes joined us. We also called this place Purl Park. Coach Bob Purl rented the house from Bob for a year or so.

Korthauer Road

Bob was getting worn out with the law practice. Buying tracts of land and making them a showplace became his passion. A short time later Bob bought a piece of land near Coach Seals. I believe it was

Korthauer Road. It was pure old woods. At the very back of the Korthauerer property was a gully. When you drove up on the other side there was a road with several houses and trailers. If you look at your left, there was a gigantic meadow, maybe 20 acres. Bob, I believe, bought that meadow at the same time as he bought the property at Korthauer Road. It had one enormous tree near the front of the meadow. I believe it was a live oak.

Bob had a great eye for potential. He could imagine how it looked when it was cleaned up, so, more work for Bob and Hunter. There was so much undergrowth, Bob brought in a tractor. Whichever one drove the tractor had to go slow because there were many, many large trees. They were beautiful trees—many of them were live oak trees. After they had done all they could with a tractor, they brought in heavy-duty clippers and weed eaters. You can't imagine how beautiful it was. I entertained the thought of moving out there, but I never said anything to Bob.

When Bob put the Korthauer property up for sale, it sold right away. I was sad to see it go, but I never said anything. This property had the same fencing but no one ran cattle on it. I don't remember if it was sold as part of the Korthauer Property or it sold separately.

Of all the properties he bought and sold, that was the most beautiful.

The Mill Creek Property

Bob's next purchase was on Mill Creek Road. It was not far out of town. It was a very large tract of land. Mill Creek ran through it. It was beautiful. and Bob ran cattle on it.

I really, really loved this property. The entrance had a huge metal gate with a Black G right in the middle. It looked like a painting. Bob and I loved to drive out there in his pick-up truck and watch for deer.

Comfort and Advice

I will stop here on the stories of the Goodwins and Bellville. I hope all these stories have helped you get to know me a little better, and helped you understand how I faced the ups and downs that inevitably come with being human. I am nearing the end of my life. I want to leave you with some comforting words. I often sent these prayers to people who had lost their loved ones.

I have experienced the loss of both my parents. I have lost my husband. My parents died at young ages, so I became acquainted with death in my early thirties. Bob died on April 2, 2005.

When my parents died, I began reading what I could find on the subject of death. When my husband died, I read them again. I would like to share some of them with you with the hope that you will be comforted.

I can tell you this. Your greatest ally in terms of accepting what has happened to you in the passage of time. Little by little, God enables us to accept our losses. Our lives are altered forever. And we carry our memories the rest of our lives. We do find the strength to go on living. And our lives are forever enriched by the love we shared with our family and friends who are gone.

A Prayer

O God, from whom all good things do come, the author of all true and tender affections: Behold our broken hearts; behold our grief, whose depth is the measure of a love which was thy gift. Out of the

deep we call upon thy name, for there is mercy with thee, and in thy Word is our trust. Save us, O God, even while the waves of our sorrow engulf us. Though we discern not thy full purpose, yet do we acknowledge that thou understandest all thy children. Teach us, therefore, to entrust to thine eternal keeping the deathless love which binds us to him whose going from our sight makes our heart faint within us. Steady us to hold with tranquil hand the candle of faith, a light in this our darkness, a flame undying amid the changes and chances of our mortality. So shall we honor him while we miss him; and so shall we permit thee to guide our steps along the hard path which lies before us, and which, if we are true, will reveal itself at the highway of the King who reigneth over heaven and earth, our Savior Jesus Christ. Amen

A Poem on Death

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand, I am tired, I am weak, I am worn; through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light; take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me home.

When my way grows drear, precious Lord, linger near, when my life is almost gone, hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall: take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When the darkness appears and the night draws near, and the day is past and gone, at the river I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand: take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home. -Thomas

In Another Room

"Shall I doubt my Father's mercy? Shall I think of death as doom? Or the stepping o'er the threshold to a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom? Shall I sit enswathed in gloom? When I know my loves are happy, waiting in another room?-Robert Freeman

I Used To Be Afraid

I used to be afraid of Death, a dread and awful thing, of which I spoke with bated breath, of which I could not sing. A lonesome trail, misty and steep, full fearsome with its shadows deep. But now I view it otherwise, a way to love's abode, I clearly see, with tear-washed eyes, Death is a friendly road. Of luring curves and luminous shade, down which I'll go all unafraid. For down that road, around the bend, beyond where I can see, I'll wave a hail to many a friend, and clasp loved ones to me. With them and Christ, what joy 'twill be to fare forth through Eternity!- Daniel L. Marsh

Jesus and I

I cannot do it alone, the waves run fast and high, and the fogs close chill around; they go out in the sky. But I know that we two shall win in the end. Jesus and I.

I hope these prayers, poems and meditations will help and strengthen you in life's journey.

Yours in Christ,

Anne Goodwin

